

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

December 1, 1950

Ten Cents

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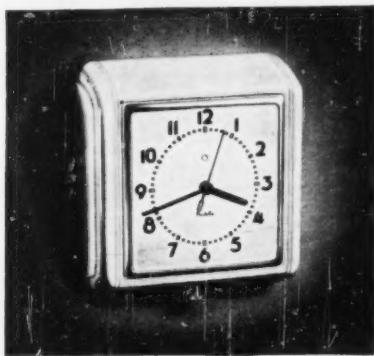
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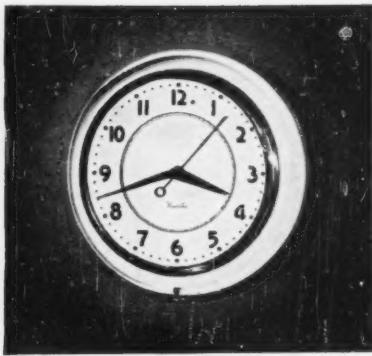
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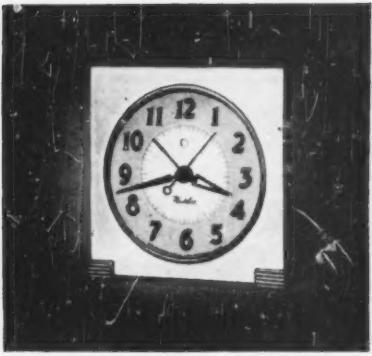
STUDEBAKER...THE THRIFTY ONE FOR '51



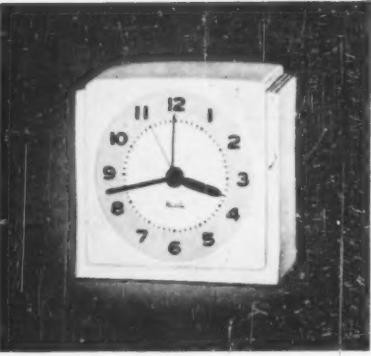
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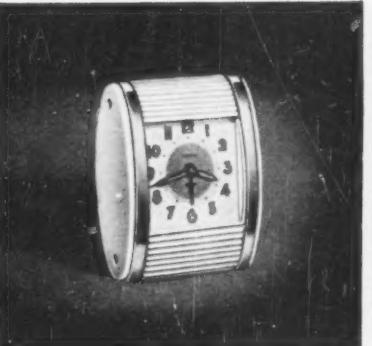
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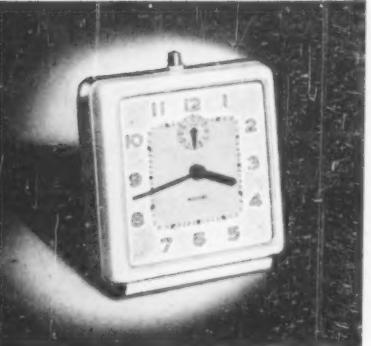
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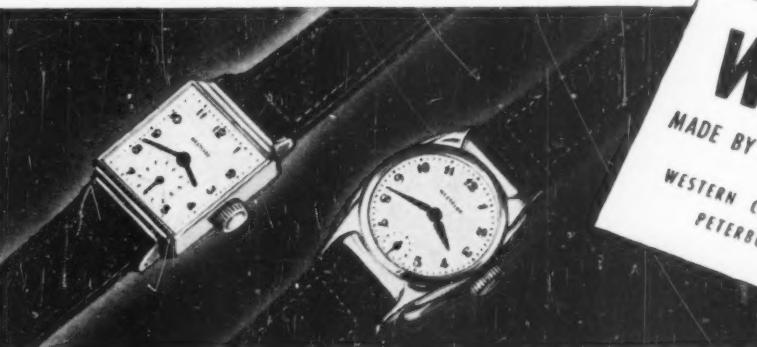
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EDITORIAL

Housing's a Headache the Provinces Should Handle

NEXT April 30 federal rent controls are scheduled to end. Between now and then Parliament has the choice of extending or modifying the present system of controls or of scrapping them and dumping the whole problem into the lap of the provinces.

It will be an important decision and a tough one. Housing is still the great unsolved riddle in our domestic life, and rent control is a part of the riddle's indecipherable key. Whether he's the head of a family looking for a place to park his kids, or an economist trying to predict what effect decontrol would have on inflation—no one has a certain answer. There are hundreds of thousands of Canadians for whom, even in a building boom, rent control has not solved the problem of finding suitable dwellings at prices they can afford to pay. No economist can say, or at any rate prove, whether decontrol would improve or worsen the general housing picture.

The two extremes of theory were expressed in a recent opinion poll conducted by The Financial Post.

One reply said: "Canada's alleged housing shortage is . . . mythical. (It) will disappear when the artificial restrictions disappear. If federal rent controls end next spring and if the provincial governments have sense enough and guts enough not to establish their own rent controls—if, in short, a free market in rentals is restored—then we shall have no more of a housing shortage than we have a beer shortage, or a tobacco shortage, or a hamburger shortage. Controlled rents will go up a little; uncontrolled rents—which have reached ridiculous levels—will come down a little."

Another view was this: "The shelter need is already critical and rent is the major factor in the dangerous inflationary spiral. With the situation aggravating monthly as the defense program congregates more people in production centres simultaneously with deferred civilian construction and mounting costs of all building, the elimination of rent controls would be disastrous."

Pondering the unassailable logic behind both these opinions we're happy for once that it's not our job to run the country. If we were running the country we suspect we'd do something like this:

We'd call a special meeting of the federal and provincial governments and try to work out an agreement under which Ottawa would vacate the field of rent control and each province would adopt a system of controls—or decontrols—based on its own special conditions. Whatever effect—good or bad—rent controls are having we think it's fair to say that the effect varies by locality. A set of rules beneficial in a crowded, high-rent area may work unfavorably in a moderately populated, low-rent area.

Needs and conditions vary not only from province to province but from municipality to municipality; only the provinces, in consultation with the municipalities, are in a position to lay down general policies and still allow for local factors.

To decentralize the control of rents for housing would only be to act on a sound principle of government—the principle that laws work best when they're closely tailored to the individual requirements of individuals and of individual communities.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen Editor
John Clare Managing Editor
Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor
Assistant Editors: Pierre Berton, Articles; Gene Aliman, Art; W. O. Mitchell, Fiction; Leslie F. Hannon, Herb Manning, Copy and Production; N. O. Bonisteel, Photos; Eva-Lis Wuorio, Gerald Anglin, Sidney Katz, Assignments; Barbara Moon, Research.

Douglas M. Gowdy Business Manager
Hall Linton Advertising Manager
G. V. Laughlin Circulation Director
H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director Maclean-Hunter

CONTENTS

Vol. 63 DECEMBER 1, 1950 No. 23

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Articles

NATIONAL RADIO REVIEW—	
EVERYBODY BOOS THE CBC. Pierre Berton	7
LEN NORRIS ON THE AIR WITH THE CBC.	8
CORN. Robert Thomas Allen	10
CULTURE. H. C. Powell	11

MACLEAN'S ALL-CANADIAN FOOTBALL TEAM. Ted Reeve	14
HOW TO BUY THAT CHRISTMAS TIE. June Callwood	16
DEATH OF A UNION. T. G. McManus	18
DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE. Part V.—Conclusion. Jimmy McLarnin as told to Ralph Allen	20
NEVER GET FRIENDLY WITH A FRIENDLY BEAR. Fred Bodsworth	22
THE DOUBLE LIFE OF DR. JAMES BARRY. A Maclean's Flashback. James Bannerman	24

Fiction

KNOWN TO BE DANGEROUS. Octavus Roy Cohen 12

Special Departments

EDITORIALS	2
BACKSTAGE IN INDIA. Blair Fraser	4
LONDON LETTER: THE MASTERS AT MARGATE. Beverley Baxter	5
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	26
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	28
POEM: TIME OUT OF MIND. P. J. Blackwell	47
MAILBAG	63
PARADE	64

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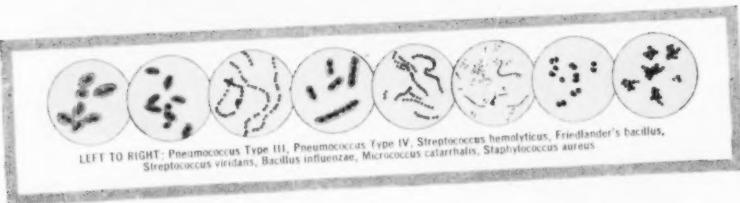
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BACKSTAGE IN INDIA

The Split With Asia Widens

By BLAIR FRASER MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

Blair Fraser is on a world air tour to write a series of special articles the first of which will appear in the next issue. At the same time he is cabling his regular Backstage column from wherever he is at deadline time. This column centres on the conference at Lucknow of the Institute of Pacific Relations, at which he was one of several official Canadian delegates.

CALCUTTA, INDIA — Last month's conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations in Lucknow was a great experience for the people who were there. For us as individuals it was a great success. But the main purpose of the conference was to promote greater understanding between East and West — which means, nowadays, between India and the United States. In that purpose the conference failed.

It was held at a difficult time, of course. Indians were smarting under American criticism of their middle-of-the-road stand on Korea. Americans were tired of being lectured about their ignorance of the Orient, especially by people who were asking them for money. But that was all the more reason for holding the conference and for making it a success.

Apparently the difficulty was not realized. India's delegation ought to have been the strongest of the lot, and the best briefed. It did include some very able men, but it had no

coherence and very little teamwork. As so often happens in those circumstances the wrong people did most of the talking.

* * *

THE day after the conference closed Prime Minister Nehru told me, "I didn't know this conference of yours was meeting until just a few days before it opened. It was partly my own fault; I do remember somebody mentioning to me some time ago that there would be a conference in Lucknow, and would I come down to open it. I said I'd try, and I forgot about it.

"I certainly didn't realize it was the Institute of Pacific Relations with delegates from all over the world. If I had we'd have called our delegates to New Delhi beforehand, had some talks with them, explained our position on every issue. As it was, the delegates were just a group picked out here and there all over India, representing nobody in particular, and each man saying whatever came into his head." *Continued on page 57*



Cartoon by Grossick

The conference was wrecked when East and West both wanted to steer.

LONDON LETTER By Beverley Baxter



Attlee and Morrison: Their supporters demanded the moon and green cheese.

THE MASTERS AT MARGATE

MARGATE is two and a half hours from London by train. Margate is on the sea. In August the crowds from London are so large that the sands are completely obliterated by the human concourse.

When the summer is over most of the hotels close and the boarding-houses, with their traditional names of "Seaview," "Mon Repos," "The Beach" and "Hillside," clean themselves up and then go to sleep. The fun fairs are silent and deserted and the donkeys are put out to grass to fatten up for the next children's crusade.

Lest you think I am merely boasting Margate to attract you from your lesser beauty spots over the ocean I must hasten to explain that Margate has suddenly become vastly important in the political sphere, for it is there that the mighty Labor Party of Great Britain decided to hold its annual conference.

A man of more delicacy than your London correspondent might have decided that a Conservative M.P. would hardly be the most welcome visitor to such an exclusive gathering but, as a contemporary historian, I like to look upon the great and the powerful. So last Sunday I went by train to Margate to attend the opening of the conference.

At my hotel in Margate there was a great bustle and liveliness. Ministers, whips, backbenchers and delegates from the constituencies were arriving like MacArthur's reinforcements. Political correspondents were there too, wearing the curiously indeterminate clothes that seem inseparable from the profession of journalism. Now that I think of it I cannot ever remember seeing a newspaperman in a new suit.

The first Socialist to speak to me was a peer—which, you will agree, raises the whole social tone of this

letter. Lord Strabolgi was once a Liberal M.P., but inherited his title from his Scottish father and then joined the Labor Party. He is a man of grace and some charm, but for some reason the Socialists have never rewarded him with office or a governorship or even a directorship on nationalization boards.

Strabolgi smiled at me and remarked: "Where the carcass is, the vultures gather." Not bad, but rather pessimistic I thought.

And so to bed.

The next morning broke bright and clear and it was good to walk by the sea. The tide was out, two ships were anchored off shore, the beaches were as deserted as those on which Robinson Crusoe landed, and the empty hotels showed no sign of life. It was just the setting for a seaside funeral.

But at the Winter Garden, the vast emporium in the front, there was great activity. No fewer than 2,000 delegates were already in their seats and the organizers had to arrange an overflow meeting where the speeches would be relayed. In such circumstances what chance had a member of His Majesty's loyal but obnoxious Opposition?

Now I must make a confession. The Socialist is at heart a friendly fellow who calls a chap by his first name after one meeting. I like that. In fact this warmth and humanity of the Socialists led me to a candid confession in a recent speech when I said that I felt with the Socialists but thought with the Tories. Nor did they fail me on this occasion. I was given an excellent seat in the gallery from which I could gaze upon our masters and our mistresses—if that is the right way of putting it.

The first great man on the platform to catch my eye was Aneurin Bevan who *Continued on page 60*

The gift that's going places . . .

The New Nylon

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wrinkle-free
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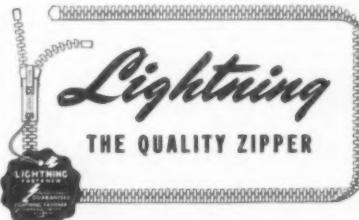
NO PRESSING WORRIES when you hang suits in MOTOR-PACK. Holds two suits smoothly, no creasing. Keeps all clothes trim, ready for wear.

HANDSOME, LIGHT, ROOMY, the Nylon MOTOR-PACK is always lustrous . . . resists scuffing. Weighs pounds less than ordinary luggage . . . you can carry twice as much with ease. (At home, grand as a moth-proof garment bag.)

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With an axe and a few other hand tools, our ancestors could chop down trees and make houses, chairs, bowls, canoes—lots of things. But all these were heavy and had many other disadvantages. It's different now that we have aluminum—which is light, rustless, won't burn, doesn't rot . . . is practically everlasting.

It takes a whole series of unusual and complicated "tools" to make things of aluminum. To start with, it takes ships to import the ore, ports for unloading, powerhouses for electricity, smelters . . . all these to produce the aluminum itself, still only in ingot form.

Next, it takes a plant like the Alcan one at Kingston to receive these ingots from the smelters and to shape the metal into tubes, sheets, extrusions, forgings and foil. Finally, it takes more than 1000 Canadian manufacturers to form all these into chairs, kitchen utensils, building materials, aeroplanes, etc.—things Canadians use every day.

So, you see, this Kingston plant is "half-way" house between ingot and finished article, between the original aluminum and you. It is a link in the chain of "tools" with which, over the last fifty years, Canadians have equipped themselves to make aluminum articles—creating work and wages for thousands, bringing greater convenience and comfort to modern living.

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"Too Much Jazz!"

"TOO MUCH...!"

No matter what the CBC does somebody
doesn't like it and says so. But
the job of trying to please all of the
\$2.50 customers some of the time with
our native mixture of culture, corn and
Canadianism goes right on while the bugbears
of television growl on the doorstep

EVERYBODY BOOS THE CBC

By PIERRE BERTON

OF ALL contentious Canadian institutions, past or present, public or private, powerful or puny, not even the city of Toronto has received the Niagara of vilification, imprecation, tirade and abuse which has drenched the corporate head of the CBC.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has no exact counterpart anywhere, but it is a single aspect of its unique makeup which qualifies it for the title of Public Whipping Boy No. 1: Listeners to most radio networks occasionally feel like putting in their two cents worth; listeners to the CBC see no reason why they shouldn't put in their \$2.50 worth. If the recent talk about a \$25 license fee for television is upheld by the forthcoming Massey Report the name calling may well increase tenfold.

It is the license fee—plus the fact that we own the corporation lock, stock and studios—that gives us all the right to boo the CBC. The chorus grows loud each spring when the courts are choked with people who have neglected to pay the license fee. One man, a John T. Schmidt, of Ayr, Ont., got so hopping mad he mailed summons, license fee, radio and all into the Kitchener police.

But A. D. ("Davey") Dunton, the slight young ex-newspaperman who is chairman of the CBC's Board of Governors, and who describes his job as "getting grief," says he likes the idea of the fee. This way, he points out, you know exactly what you're getting for exactly what it costs. Besides, he says, the fee encourages everybody to criticize the CBC—and that's good.

Certainly the criticism is vociferous. In recent years the CBC has been publicly called bullheaded, autocratic, dictatorial, spineless, weak, pathetic, extravagant, cheap, high-handed, bumbling, nonsensical, dishonest, power crazy, idiotic and absurd.

It has been called a milch cow, a centaur and a dog in the manger. Sir Thomas Beecham, an Englishman who doesn't pay the license fee, has described it as "the worst broadcasting system in the world." Members of all political parties have attacked it. In a single debate M. J. Coldwell complained the *Continued on next page*



corporation discriminated against the CCF, E. G. Hansell (Social Credit) complained it was too favorable to the CCF, and Liberal Walter Tucker kicked about a news broadcast. George Drew has gone on the CBC itself to attack the CBC.

The Canadian Association of Broadcasters, which represents the private stations, has mountains of statistics to show that in Canada hardly anybody listens to the CBC. Yet the most obscure CBC item can sometimes draw howls of protest.

Let a West Coast speaker make a sly reference to newsboys, say, and a dozen papers led by the Vancouver Sun roar with anger about "drivel" from "the limp-wristed characters on CBC." Let a Winnipeg announcer say "crick" for "creek" and the Guelph Board of Education is up in arms. Let the CBC Times put Alexander Graham Bell's birthplace at Brampton instead of Brantford and the Toronto Telegram is out with an instant editorial of reproof.

As if all this weren't enough the CBC subjects itself to a 10-minute period of self immolation each Sunday night when speakers are asked to criticize the network's own programs on "Critically Speaking." Curiously, the big task is often to get people to be critical enough. In an effort to achieve this the CBC once engaged Dick Diespecker, a former

private station man turned radio columnist, to appear on the show. To everyone's chagrin Diespecker was inordinately kind. Then he twisted the knife neatly at year's end in his Vancouver Province column by picking "Critically Speaking" as the year's most uncritical show.

The CBC bends backward to be fair to everyone, including its critics. The calm reasoned voice of the 10 o'clock news has been heard reporting the harsh things that Joel Aldred, an ex staff announcer, had to say about the corporation. Reports of House of Commons debates almost always mention speakers from all parties. The CBC recently canceled a "Court of Opinion" broadcast because all four speakers on the panel favored Canada sending a representative to the Vatican. If there had been a dissenting vote the show would have stayed on.

"The CBC tries to be impeccably impartial—and you can't be that impartial without being dull," wrote Tommy Tweed last spring. The remark was part of a radio satire—broadcast, of course, on the CBC.

Unlike the big U. S. networks, which try to please most of the people most of the time, the CBC's job is to please *all* of the people part of the time. Its lowest mass listening level comes between the

hours of 6 and 8 p.m. when it broadcasts such minority-interest programs as the full weather report, the market summary and "International Commentary," a series of political talks. Yet each of these programs is of prime importance to certain groups of people. "If we dropped the weather broadcast Niagara fruit growers would go crazy," says Ernest Bushnell, director-general of programs. The same is true of the fishermen's broadcasts in the Maritimes. "There's not a damn thing you can do to make the weather report palatable to the guy who's not interested in fish," Bushnell says. "But if we don't give it to them, who's going to?"

These are some of the reasons why the CBC gets attacked for putting on too much Greek tragedy on Wednesday nights and too many chicken reels on Saturday nights; for carrying too much symphony and too much soap opera; for carrying too many British accents and too many Yankee twangs. The CBC cannot think only in terms of the "mass listening audience" which dictates commercial network fare. It must think also of those people who do not belong to the mass—but who also pay their \$2.50.

Partly because of this the corporation has had a strong influence on the Canadian mosaic. Close to



7,000 Canadians get cheques from it each year, ranging all the way from a \$5 royalty on a Canadian poem to the record \$20,000 that actor Bernie Braden earned in 1947. The CBC acts as a sort of superpatron of the arts, commissioning original poems, short stories, music and drama. In 18 weeks its French network broadcast 65 popular songs written by Canadian authors. Without the CBC, Winnipeg would have no symphony orchestra. Indeed, the corporation is the largest single contributor to symphonies in the country.

In Aklavik every morning Eskimo children do physical jerks to CBC transcriptions. In Toronto an interdenominational church was organized by a group of people who met originally to listen to the CBC's "Citizen's Forum." In the Maritimes fishermen and farmers in remote spots no longer get scalpers' prices for their lobsters and strawberries—thanks to CBC market broadcasts. In the Arctic a man held on to his girl friend and eventually married her thanks to the CBC's "Northern Messenger," the only regular winter mail service the people of the Far North receive. In Quebec the CBC is changing the speech habits of the Canadian, who once called precise announcers "fifis" (sissies) and now complains if they slur their

Continued on page 30

THE MEMBERS OF THE CAST



1. Ernest L. Bushnell	9. Jane Mallett	16. Sandra Scott
2. A. Davidson Dunton	10. Tommy Tweed	17. Budd Knapp
3. Charles Jennings	11. Alex McKee	18. John Drainie
4. Harry J. Boyle	12. Robert Christie	19. Dianne Foster
5. Lucio Agostini	13. Pegi Brown	20. Roger Newman
6. Eric Christmas	14. Lister Sinclair	21. Andrew Allan
7. Mavor Moore	15. David Tasker	22. Esse Ljungh
8. Frank Peddie		23. Lorne Green



FERGUSON'S radio voice makes listeners think he is an old cactus-whiskered codger with a wad of chewing tobacco.

CORN AND

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Max Ferguson, a well-groomed university man who loathes cowboy music, is the same Ol' Rawhide who is denounced in Parliament and adored by his fans for his zany half hour of amusing mimicry

MAX FERGUSON is an alert, well-groomed, pleasantly toothy young radio announcer of 26 whom it is easy to picture as the secretary of a students' council or president of a young men's business association.

But because he is part of a nationally owned radio system, the CBC's Ferguson has already been the subject of an impassioned speech in the House of Commons, a long poem by a prominent clergyman and a mailbag full of letters to the Press. As "Rawhide," the corporation's best-known corn merchant, he has, in the eyes of some fans at least, divided the nation again into Upper and Lower Canada.

The "Rawhide Show" is a zany half-hour program of recorded music formally known as "After-Breakfast Breakdown," heard on the CBC's eastern network, from Toronto right through to St. John's, Newfoundland. On it anything can happen and usually does. A parade of British archaeologists, crackpots, ignoramuses, stuffed shirts, spiders, families of hillbillies and prominent public figures continually interrupt a kindly, cactus-voiced old character called Rawhide who does his best to protect the audience from their songs, dialects, speeches, plays and horrible ideas.

All this talented malarky emanates from *Continued on page 34*



BOYLE hasn't got the goatee and sideburns that some expect; rather he looks (and often speaks) like a rumpled farmer.

CULTURE

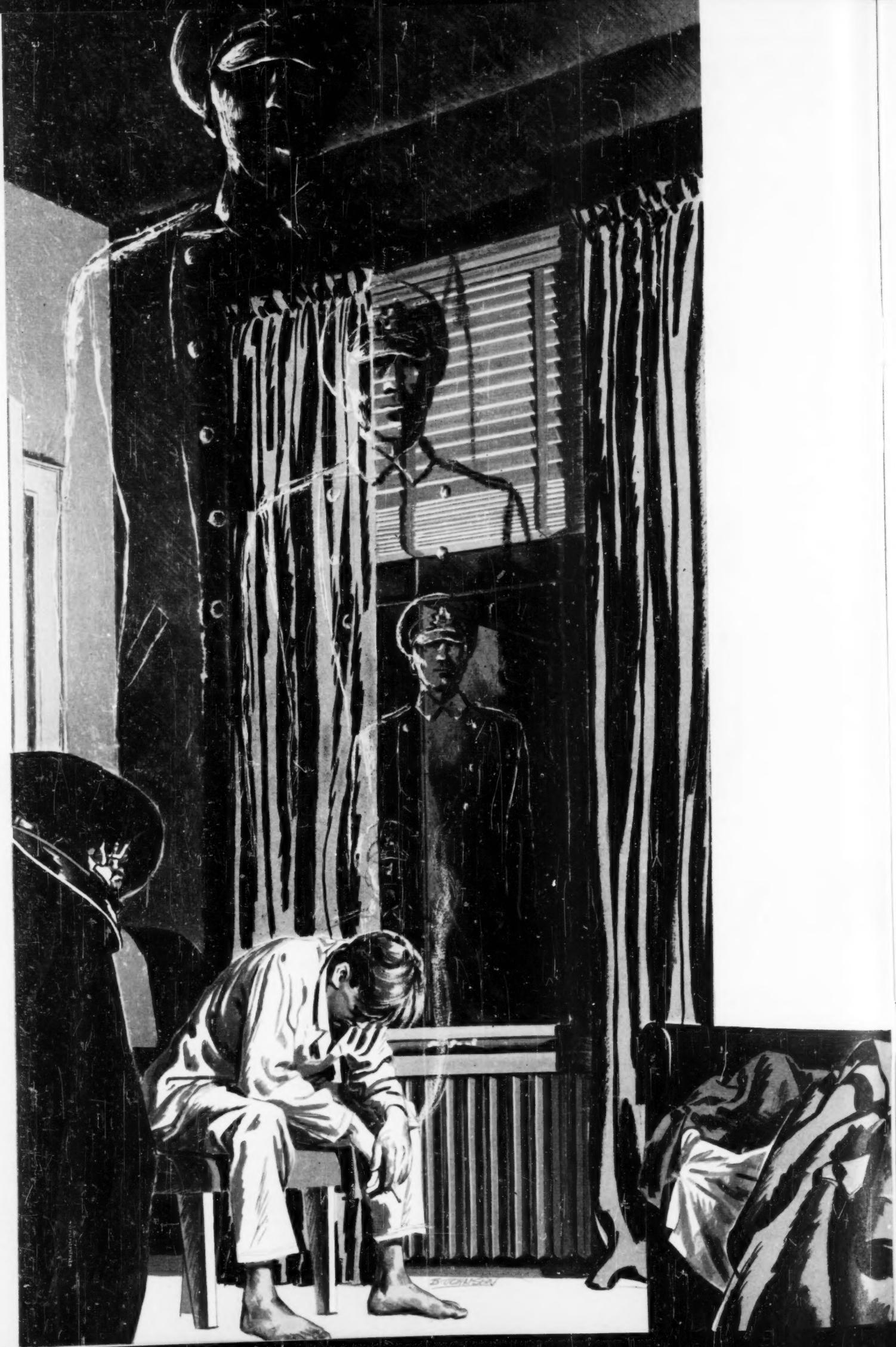
By H. C. POWELL

**Harry Boyle, the man who dishes up those
highbrow Wednesday Night sessions,
is an ex-hobo who used to write horror stories
for the pulps and who likes
his music schmaltzy. Yet one night he
spent \$16,000 of your money on art**

BACK IN 1932 a brakeman kicked a young hobo named Harry J. Boyle off a westbound freight, somewhere near the Manitoba boundary. By all odds this should have been Boyle's exit cue. The most optimistic prophet could never have foreseen him in 1950 as a top CBC executive, charged with spending \$2,500 every Wednesday night to ladle out the biggest gobs of radio culture Canadians have ever been offered.

Boyle's three-hour program, "CBC Wednesday Night," has become one of the country's most controversial. Largely because of it a new series of epithets has been aimed at the CBC. A Flin Flon radio station manager complained to the Massey Commission about "too much long-haired tripe" on the CBC; a Toronto colleague referred disparagingly to the CBC's "culture hounds"; a Vancouver paper has called the corporation an "arrogant culture trust."

On the other hand Boyle has been deluged with fan mail. The CBC got 1,000 requests for scripts of one Wednesday Night program, "A Layman's History of Music." And when Boyle shot the works and presented Benjamin Britten's revolutionary opera, "Peter Grimes," the CBC's Toronto switchboard was jammed with *Continued on page 36*



KNOWN TO BE DANGEROUS



By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

THE pavement was too treacherous for their favorite pastime: automobile poker. They'd played that ever since they'd become partners. Next car to pass would be Marty's, the one after would be Joe's. They'd make poker hands from the numbers on the license plates. Zeros were tens, ones were aces on low straights and jacks on high straights. The letter X was played as a wild card.

They gambled heavily: never less than a thousand dollars a hand, sometimes more. Joe kept a record in a little book, and, as things stood now, he owed Marty \$83,000. Of course they had no idea of paying off: it was just something to kid about, to relieve the tedium. When they got serious, one would say, "Next pair of cars, we're playing for coffee and doughnuts . . . for real," and they'd get pretty excited about who would have to pay.

On the dashboard they carried the daily list of hot cars. Playing poker that way, it was easier to compare the licenses with the numbers on the hot sheet. They'd had more than their share of luck, but chiefly the game was a bond between them, something to kid about. But tonight: no soap. Marty, who was at the wheel, had to concentrate on his driving. Headlights rushed at them out of the fog and rain, red tail lights passed them too fast. This was a night for vigilance, not for games.

They worked Central Division and were crawling through an uninspiring section of the city which was busy enough in the daytime, but was almost deserted at this hour of the night. It wasn't even a good commercial district: most of the warehouses were old, some were deserted. Marty had turned

into this street because Joe Ferguson told him to, but it didn't make sense. Nobody here; nothing to look for, really. But Ferguson was a thorough guy: give him a district to cover, he covered it. And sometimes they got a break that way. They'd made a half dozen pinches in the past six months, usually on Joe's hunches.

Marty hoped some day to be half as good a cop as Joe Ferguson. Joe wasn't the spectacular sort, but things stuck in his mind. He knew his Division and his radio district. Marty couldn't understand why he'd never made sergeant, and when he asked, Joe shrugged. "I ain't the examination type," he explained. "I've made the list three times, but always so far down that they never got to me." He didn't seem to worry about it. His \$340 a month appeared to be adequate for himself and his wife. Six more years and he'd be able to retire on a pension of 40% of his pay. He liked to talk about buying a trailer then and touring the country, but Marty had the feeling that he'd never retire—not unless he had to. I. O. D. Maybe—Injured on Duty. Something that would put him physically behind the 8-ball.

They'd been patrolling now for more than ten minutes without talking. Marty was watching traffic, Joe was watching everything else.

No calls for Car No. 11. No excitement. No nothing except boredom and dampness and cold. Then Joe Ferguson spoke sharply.

"Turn right at the next corner, Marty. Then pull up to the curb and stop."

"See something?"

"Guy back yonder. Got a quick look under the light. Near that old warehouse. We'll shake him down."

First pedestrian they'd passed in a long time. Marty figured the fog was doing tricks to his partner, except that Joe could see things other cops would miss. "Somebody special?" asked Marty.

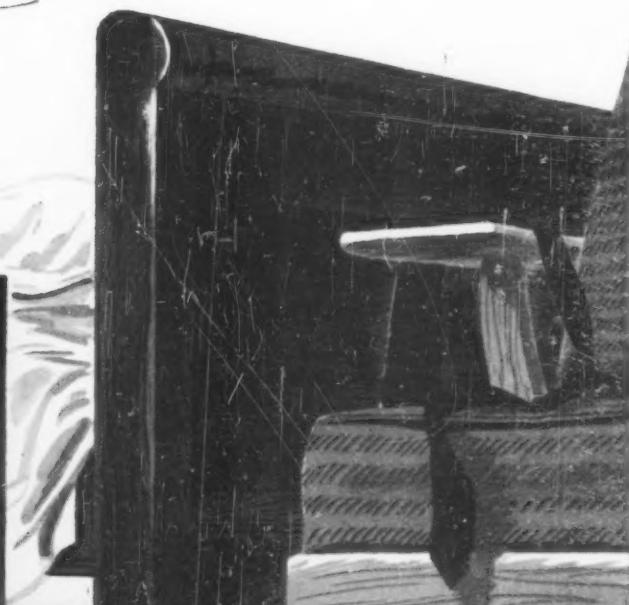
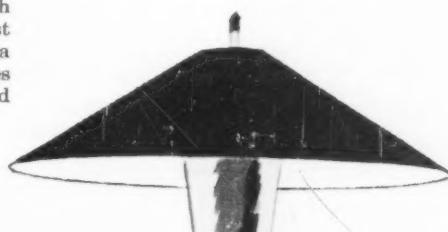
"Could be." Joe Ferguson whipped out a bulging wallet which contained his notebook and a fistful of mugs. He turned the dashboard light higher and thumbed swiftly through the pictures, selecting one and showing it to Marty.

"Feller back yonder: That's who he looked like."

Marty made his right turn, stopped at the curb, cut off his headlights. He turned a pocket torch on the mug shot Joe was presenting for his inspection. He saw a full face, plus a profile, of a dark man with narrow eyes and a cruel mouth. He looked on the reverse side and read the description:

"Gus Ackerman, alias August Jones, alias Gus Acton. Male. 36. 5 ft. 10 in. 170 pounds. Hair, brown. Eyes, brown. Convicted and served for armed robbery. Two-time loser. Wanted now for robbery here. Usually carries a gun. Approach this suspect with caution. Continued on page 42

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSTON





Ted Reeve Picks MACLEAN'S ALL-C

ALL STARS OF 1950

Quarterback—Jack Jacobs, Winnipeg

Halfbacks—Bill Gregus, Hamilton
Billy Bass, Argonauts
Virgil Wagner, Montreal
Tom Casey, Winnipeg

Snap—John Brown, Winnipeg

Insides—Ray Cicia, Montreal
Herb Trawick, Montreal

Middles—Ralph Sazio, Hamilton
Buddy Tinsley, Winnipeg

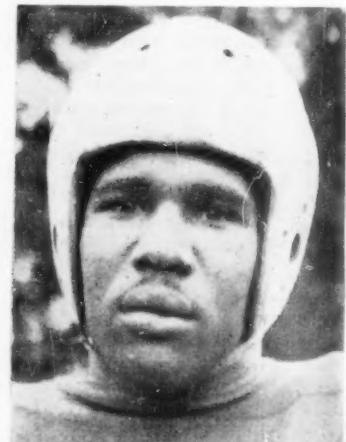
Outsides—Bill Stanton, Ottawa
Vince Mazza, Hamilton



Ted Reeve

PHOTOS BY BALLANTINE, AIKMAN, ALLAN, STEEL, NEWTON, TUROFSKY, BIER

The All-Canadian is all-American, with four from the West, eight from the East



BILLY BASS, Argos' running star until a broken back stopped him.



VINCE MAZZA, Hamilton's rugged defensive end, caught passes too.



RAY CICIA'S submarine tackles helped hold Alouettes together.

VIRG
start

HERE
who

L- CANADIAN FOOTBALL TEAM

ONE of these fine autumns the system for selecting all-star football teams will have to be changed rather radically. Instead of picking five backfielders and seven linemen the nervous selector will have to work on the three platoon system—one offensive club, one defensive outfit and one squad in the hospital.

Either that or the all-star experts will have to settle for a quota of specialists and select placement kickers such as Joe Aguirre, Annis Stukus, Nick Volpe; kick runners-back like Tommy Ford, Ken Charlton and Ted Toogood; hole openers for touchdown drives such as John Kerns and Jack Carpenter; heavy duty linemen of the Glenn Johnson, Max Druen or Shanty MacKenzie type for goal-line stands, and punters à la Joe Krol or Fred Kijek. By that time the writers of such treatises would be chewing their mitts as feverishly as a football coach. A bleak prospect!

For this season, however, we'll have to go along with the Walter Camp method of picking 12 men who appear able-bodied enough to play almost 60 minutes a match going all ways (including

sideways), which in a way penalizes the players on the teams with good reserves.

For instance, Regina, Ottawa, Edmonton and Toronto Argos had enough fairly responsible performers to keep traffic going from bench to the huddle at a pace that sometimes reminded you of the corner of Queen and Yonge or Portage and Main. Hamilton, Winnipeg and to a great extent Montreal had key players who had to give with the mud-and-glory business in every match. The responsibility may have worn down their physiques but at least it built up their press clippings. So several Maclean's Muscle Men this year are there partly for good attendance.

Features of a hard-fought fall, besides this growth of specialization, would include: 1. Increasingly arduous schedules, 2. Mounting costs, 3. The highest paid and in many ways the most powerful collection of imports to come this way since the depression days of the 1930s, 4. The Americanization of the game to an even further extent so that the Canadian extension run and the onside kick went the way of the Hurons and the *courieur de bois*,

5. The sad turn of affairs in which the long-suffering Ontario Rugby Football Union became a sort of farm system for the Big Four after the withdrawal of the Hamilton Wildcats.

Balmy Beach, now a subsidiary of the Argonauts, Windsor Rockets, who seemed to provide Ottawa with many of their developments, and the peppy Sarnia Imperials, a sort of company team, still supplied some good football. Linemen like Bruce Mattingly and Dutch Davey of Sarnia, Dick Fear and Oaten Fisher of Beaches and Rube Ainsworth of Windsor undoubtedly would do well in the tougher Big Four. And backs like Jim Caine, Johnnie Murphy and Jack Krause of the Rockets and Gerry Tuttle and Carl Galbreath of Balmy Beach would do admirably in faster company. But they are not playing in the sort of competition in the O.R.F.U. to prove it. Shades of Norm Perry, Ormond Beach and Yip Foster! Canadian football is becoming big business but there are certain penalties that go with the box office.

The rise in expenses to \$125,000-\$150,000 or higher was met by *Continued on page 39*



VIRGIL WAGNER rallied from slow start to spark Alouette comeback.



JOHN BROWN'S body anchored line for Winnipeg's revival in West



JACK JACOBS, crafty Indian field general and passer for Winnipeg.



BILL GREGUS' bursts into line gained acres for Hamilton Cats.



HERB TRAWICK, Montreal veteran, who turned on some inspiring ball.



RALPH SAZIO, a defensive great who led Hamilton ground attack.



BUDDY TINSLEY, 260 pounds of leadership in Winnipeg's line.



BILL STANTON, a powerful end who also ran with Ottawa backs.



How to Buy Ties

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

IF THERE is anything more inescapable than doom it's that father will get a tie for Christmas. And Grandpa Homer, and that wild young Wendell down the street who drop-kicks a football all the way home. And George Drew will get a tie and so will Turk Broda.

The likelihood that any of these men will admire, revere or even wear their Christmas ties is mighty slim.

This is not the fault of the Christmas tie in itself, though most of them are more colorful than anything seen in nature. It is a case of mass misdirection.

George Drew, who favors subdued stripes, might receive a \$15 Bronzini tie, emerald green silk and covered with winged horses. He wouldn't even wear it in the shower. But Turk Broda would have treasured it. Turk will get a navy blue rep tie with a subdued stripe.

There is little hope that Drew and Broda will swap haberdashery. Neither will young Wendell, who will get a dusky Paisley, ever discover Grandpa

COLOR PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON



That Christmas Tie

Hey, wait a minute before you buy that crazy-colored cravat! Consider the guy who's going to hate you for putting it under his Christmas tree. Here's how to buy him a tie that he'll wear

Homer's horror when he receives a brilliant fuzzy-wool tartan.

It's impossible to estimate the amount of money wasted each year on Christmas ties that will never be worn. There's no way to compute the energy expended by Canadian women shopping for these tie rack ornaments. The number of homes whose foundations were rocked when mother realized that father was NEVER going to wear his new tie can only be surmised.

Men who sell ties say there is a solution less fatal to the tie industry than turning to handkerchiefs and cuff links. Men, these authorities insist, just want a tie like the one they're wearing...

This is almost too incredible for a woman to believe. If a woman discovers that a purple hat with an upturned brim is flattering, she is delighted. But she is never tempted to buy another. "That was a lovely hat," she sighs, as she buys a new green one with no brim.

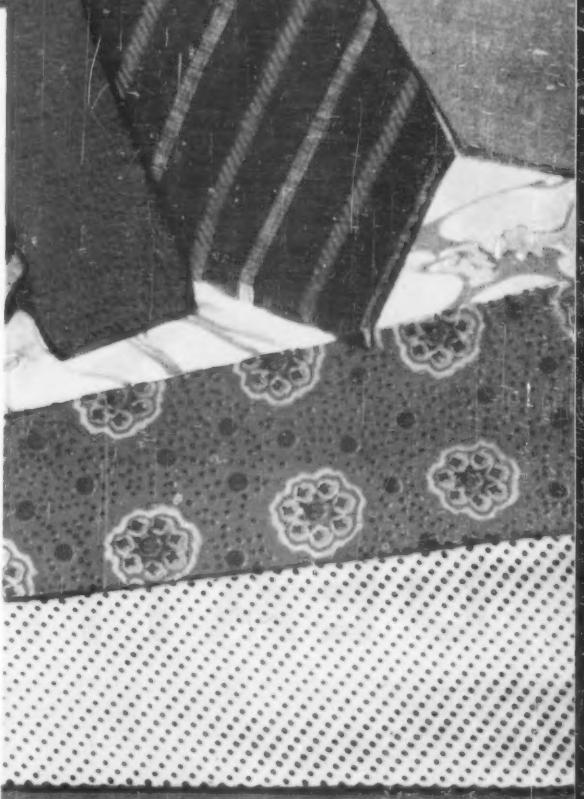
A man is not pushed by a desire to present a refreshing, ever-changing exterior. If he suddenly

decides a recent tie with small dark blue checks makes him look rather debonair he rushes into the store where he bought it, holds the tie in front of him as though it was an apron full of crumbs, and asks the clerk: "Got any more ties like this one? I'll take three."

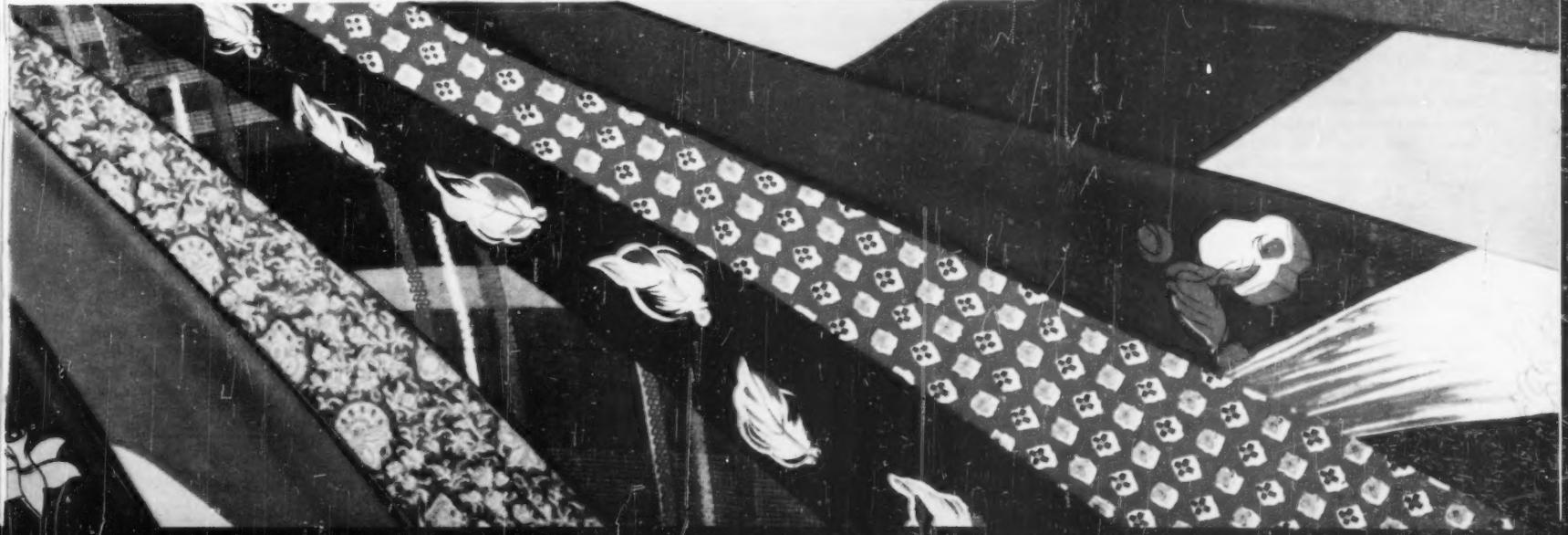
Tie men think this is dandy. The man has found his proper medium of expression. He feels suave and alert in a checked tie. In the future he might try slightly larger or smaller checks, a black-and-white check for more serious occasions, a green-and-white check for dash. Clerks are delighted with him and he is delighted with his good taste.

His wife thinks he is in a rut.

Since he hasn't confided in her that he feels extra magnetism in checked ties she assumes some tie salesman is unloading a slow-moving line on her big innocent. Next Christmas she gets him a tie with black-and-white eyeballs on a red background. Even with care it takes him three months to get it to the Salvation Army. *Continued on page 57*



TIES BY CLUETT PEABODY, CURRIE, JOHN FORSYTH, ELY, CAMERON-JEFFRIES, STANLEY & BOSWORTH, KAREN BULOW





DEATH OF A UNION

By T. G. McMANUS

Former Secretary-Treasurer, C.S.U.

FIVE YEARS ago the Canadian Seamen's Union had nearly 10,000 members. It held contracts on more than 300 ships sailing the Great Lakes, the salt-water coasts and the high seas. Its revenue was \$30,000 a month. On the cold, bloodstained North Atlantic the men who carried its cards had finished fighting their share of a war in which no combatant won more honor than the merchant seaman. No union's stock was ever higher.

Today the Canadian Seamen's Union has no more than 600 members. Its crews are working on barely a dozen ships. The union has been expelled from the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and from the International Transport Workers' Federation. The respect in which it once was held by employers, governments and other unions has turned to hostility and contempt. In every way that matters to a labor union the Canadian Seamen's Union is dead.

The primary cause of its death is already known or strongly suspected by most of the people who saw it happen or have read about it. Only a handful know the details and I am one of them. Until last July I was secretary-treasurer of the union, a position second in authority only to that of the president. I was also a member of the Canadian Communist Party which dictated—at every step

and in every particular—the events which led to the union's bitter, inglorious ruin.

Obviously I could not, even if I wished to, evade my own full share of the responsibility. In every one of the series of strikes from 1946 through 1949 which culminated in the C.S.U.'s downfall I obeyed the Communist Party's direct and specific orders, both in helping to call the strikes and in helping to run them. Even though I thought the last of these strikes (called in March, 1949, at the secret request of the British Communist Party to create an artificial strike issue for the dock workers of London) was tactically insane, it wasn't because of this that I quit the party four months ago. I quit because, after 19 years as a dedicated and well-disciplined Communist, I found I could not stomach the pro-Russian and anti-Canadian party line on Korea.

I will not pretend that the allurements and visions which first led me into the party and kept me there in the face of many doubts have altogether lost their power. Politically I am still of the extreme Left. Spiritually I am still a union man. I believe in trade unions as firmly as I have always believed in them. I believe that it is the job of trade unions to fight as hard and intelligently as they can to win the highest possible standards of living for the working man.

If I thought it would hurt the cause of unionism I would not be saying the things I shall have to say here. But it's my earnest belief that not one Canadian union man in a hundred has a clear picture of how a "Communist-dominated" union is run and I think it is vital to their own interests that union men should have such a picture.

In strict accuracy there is no such thing as a Communist-dominated union. Once it falls under Communist domination a union ceases to be a union. It becomes a branch of the Communist Party. Often the party will lay down objectives for it and prescribe courses of action which are perfectly sound and valid from the point of view of the union's rank and file. But where the interests of the party and the interests of the union diverge it must be the party's interests that prevail, even though—as in the case of the Canadian Seamen's Union—this means that the union must die.

The C.S.U. was founded in 1936 at a meeting in the Communist Party's national headquarters. At its peak 90% of its members were non-Communists, but most were content to leave the union's control in the hands of the Communist leaders. It was their belief that the union's objectives were honest and legitimate, as I believe they were until they conflicted with the party's objectives. When they did the union was wrecked.



AT VANCOUVER police battle C.S.U. men who tried to stop rivals boarding a strike-bound ship.



BRITISH TROOPS unloaded vital cargoes held in the London dock strike sparked by the C.S.U.

The Canadian Seamen's Union — once strong and respected — had to die for the greater glory of the Communist Party. Here's how it was killed — a frightening, firsthand expose of Red strategy in Labor by an ex-Communist who witnessed the betrayal of 10,000 Canadian workers from the inside

I joined the Canadian Seamen's Union in 1945. Neither the union nor I had anything to do with my joining. When the war ended I was a medical sergeant in the Canadian Army. I had enlisted on the Communist Party's instructions in 1942 and as I waited for my discharge in Montreal I took it for granted that my next job — like every job I'd held for nearly 15 years — would be on assignment from the party. (Now it's called the Labor-Progressive Party but the old name is the only accurate one.)

When my discharge came through I reported to the party's Montreal headquarters. Fred Rose, the federal member of parliament who was later to go to jail as a leader of the Communist spy ring, instructed me to go to national headquarters in Toronto and gave me transportation and expense money.

In Toronto I reported to Sam Carr, then the party's national organizing secretary, now also serving a prison term for conspiring to forge a passport for a Russian agent. Carr told me the

Political Bureau, the party's 11-man inner cabinet, had already decided my future. A few members of the bureau had suggested that I return to political work in Saskatchewan where before the war I had been the provincial leader and had served as an alderman in Regina. The P.B. finally ruled that I'd be more useful in trade union work.

I ran an election campaign for Buck and then Carr sent me to Ottawa where I saw Pat Sullivan, then president of the Canadian Seamen's Union and secretary of the

Continued on page 58



JOE SALSBERG, MPP. His Reds bossed the C.S.U.



HARRY DAVIS. He put in the last death thrust.

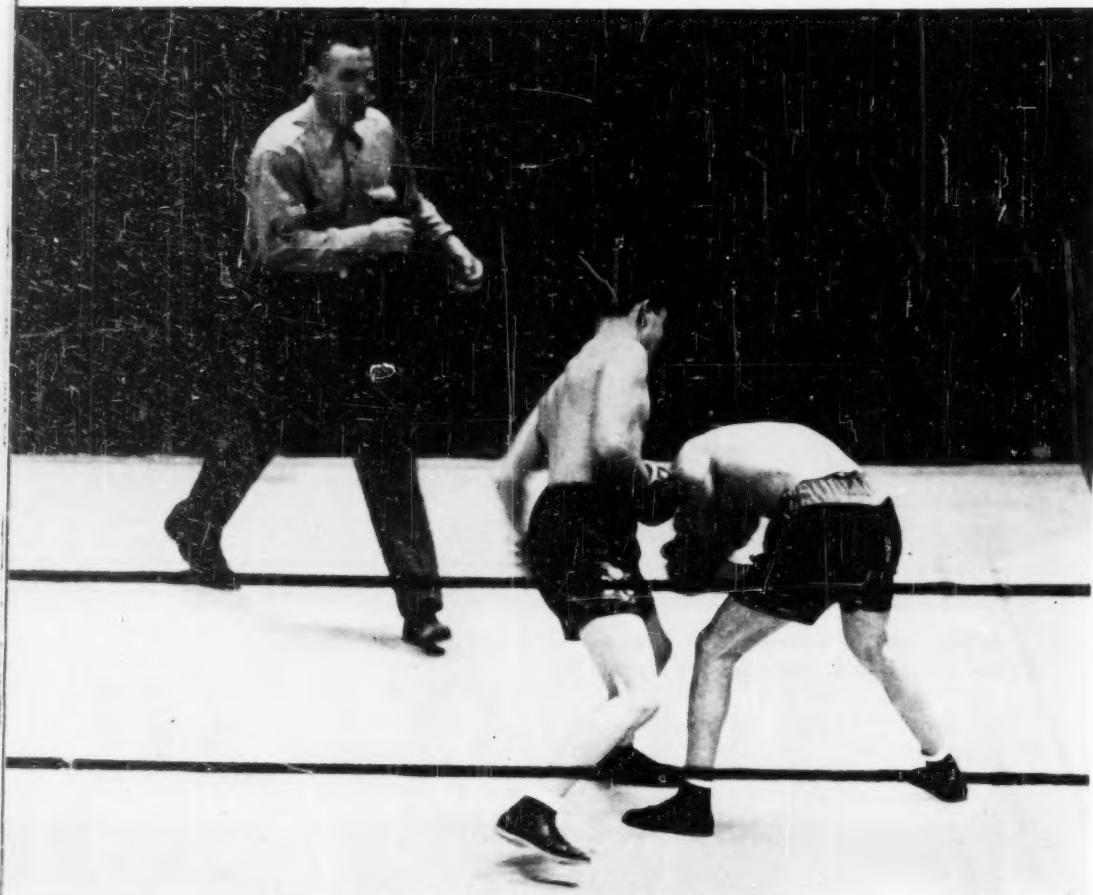


GERRY McMANUS. Now he tells the whole story.

PART FIVE — Conclusion

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

"It was a good punch, one I'd been working on for nearly 15 years. I let it go . . ." Seconds later Young Corbett was licked and the kid from the Vancouver waterfront was champion of the world



BARNEY ROSS ducks a McLarin hook at Madison Square. They fought three times, Ross winning twice. This time, though, Jimmy got the nod.

THE LETHAL FISTS of Vancouver's pride did this to the face of Tony Canzoneri. But Tony uncorked a thunderbolt and won easily.

By Jimmy McLarin as told to Ralph Allen

IN A fight it's the first hundred seconds that are the hardest. You're cold physically. Your muscles are a little stiff and your reactions are a little slow. You're unsettled mentally.

There is always a moment, just before the first bell rings, when you stare through the floodlights hanging above the ring, trying to pick out the people who are for you and the people who are against you. On some faces you see more faith in you than is reasonable and on some you see more hostility than is called for.

You look back across the ring at the man you're going to be fighting and try to remember how you're going to fight him and how you have figured he's going to fight you. For an instant you draw nothing but a blank.

You're nervous and a little scared and the feeling doesn't usually pass until the fight has started and somebody has been hit.

On May 29, 1933, I fought Young Corbett III for the welterweight championship of the world at Wrigley Field, in Los Angeles. This was a very important fight for me. I had won 11 fights against world champions in various weight classes—some while they were champions and some after they ceased to be champions—but I had never held a title myself. I'd had to wait five years for my first shot at the welterweight title and during the last two I'd been ranked unofficially as the best welterweight in the world. If I blew this one and had to wait another five years I knew I'd never get there.

As I've been saying, the first minute or two of any fight is chancy and critical. Pop Foster, my manager, and I agreed that the first minute or two of the Corbett fight might be particularly critical. Corbett was a big man, as strong as a horse, with long arms and heavy shoulders. Besides, he was a southpaw and boxing a southpaw is like trying to read by a mirror. Everything—his leads, his crosses, his footwork—goes from right to left instead of from left to right. I'd only fought one full southpaw before, a good one named Lou Brouillard, and he'd beaten me.

"If you can make him open up, you'll win," Pop told me the day we signed for Corbett. "If you can't he may hug you to death."

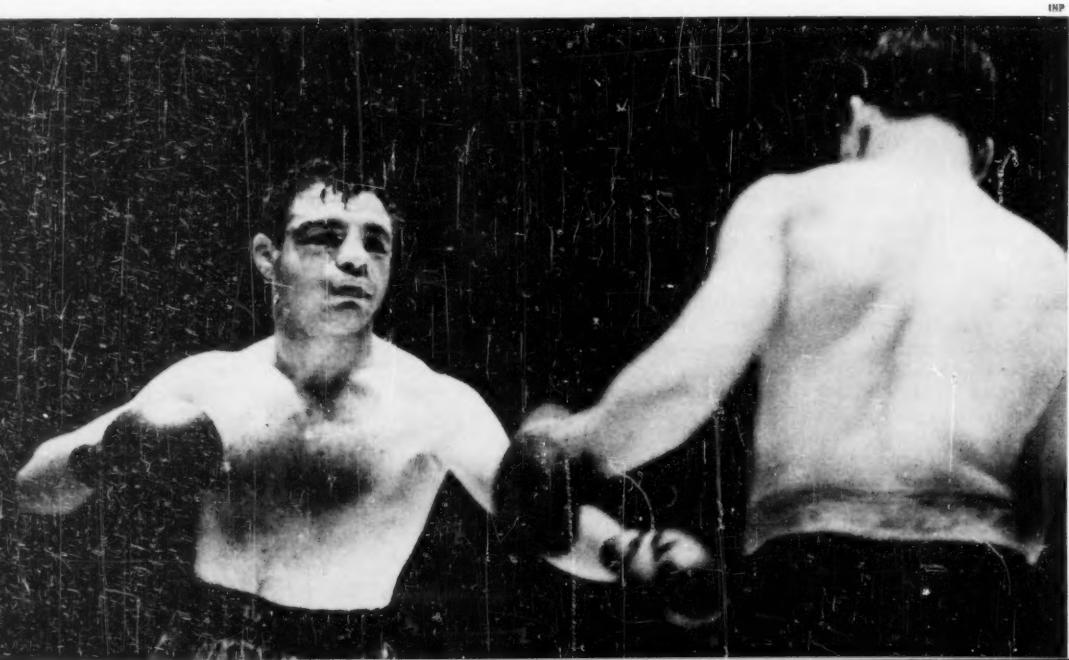
Our strategy was rudimentary, but we gave it all we had. For the last month before the fight we insulted Corbett, publicly, enthusiastically and at every opportunity.

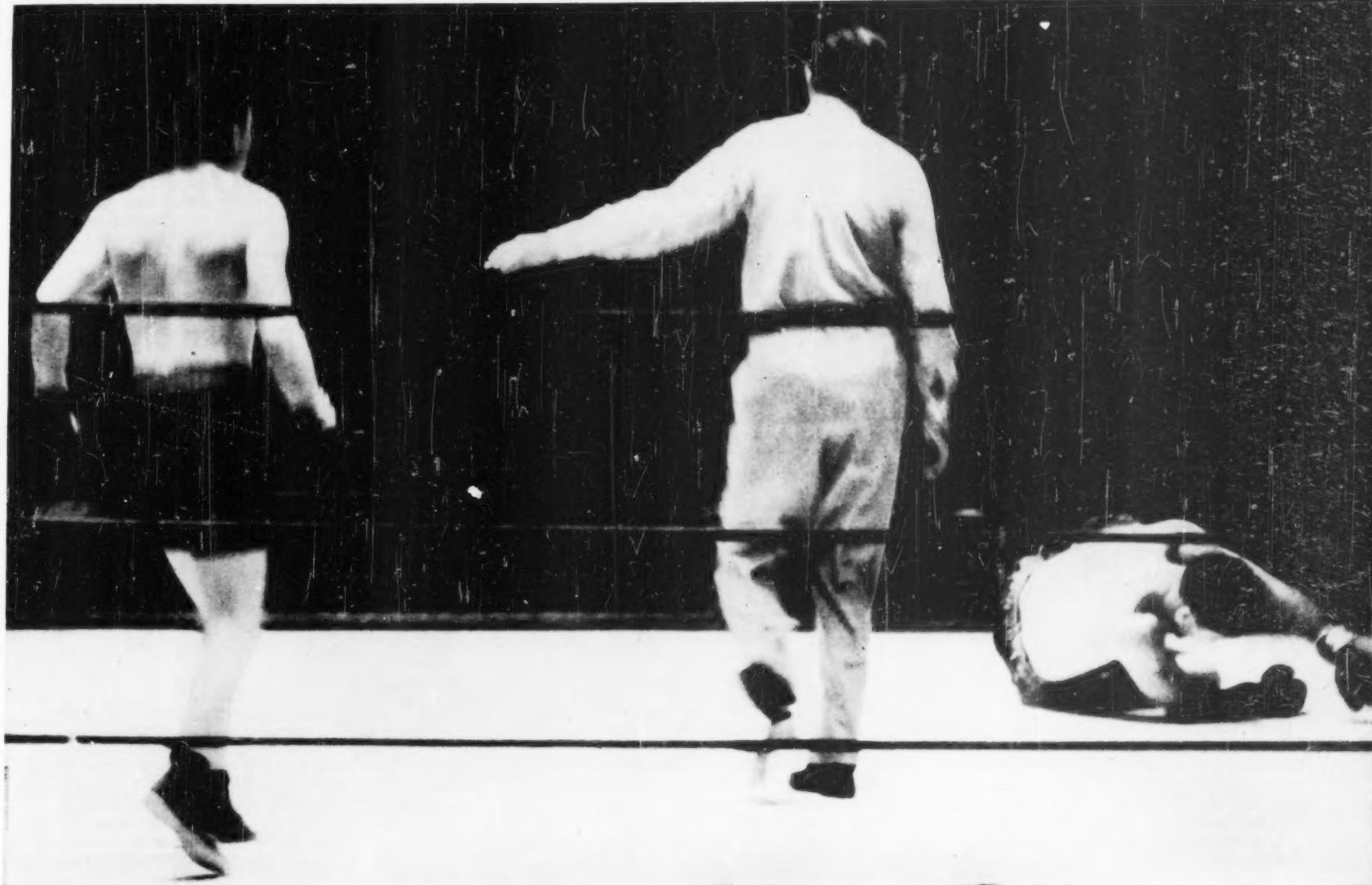
When we arrived in Los Angeles to start training and the newspapermen came around for interviews, Pop pointedly took a rain check on the usual pre-fight platitudes. Instead of saying, as nearly all managers say before nearly all fights, that it was going to be a great fight between two great fighters, Pop said it would probably be a stinker.

"Corbett's not much of a fighter," Pop said sadly.

I winced slightly for my reputation as a modest unassuming boy as I nodded in agreement and told the sports writers that I expected Corbett to run away from me but also expected to catch up to him and knock him out inside six rounds.

Larry White, Corbett's manager, dropped around to the Olympic Auditorium to watch me work out one afternoon. Pop had him run off the premises. Then Pop remembered a state law under which boxers weighing 145 pounds or less were permitted to wear five-ounce gloves and boxers weighing more than 145 were required to wear six-ounce gloves.





A TITLE IN 2½ MINUTES. McLarnin won the welter crown from Young Corbett after a prefight battle of insults. His mother was proud and happy.

Corbett was dead on the welterweight limit of 147 pounds and I was two or three pounds under. The lighter a glove is the more damage you can do with it. When Pop announced he would insist that Corbett wear six-ounce gloves and I wear fives, the reaction was just what we expected. Larry White howled murder.

Pop replied through the press that if White and Corbett had their way we'd be fighting with pillows. Finally the Boxing Commission stepped in and ruled that we'd both wear 5½-ounce gloves.

Pop and White wrangled about the referee, about the method of bandaging Corbett's and my hands, even about the movie rights. Corbett was 25 years old two days before the fight. I sent him a patronizing wire: "Birthday greetings and best wishes for your future success." We stirred up a pleasant amount of unpleasantness all around.

Not that we were sure of accomplishing anything. As Pop assessed it, the best we could do was to get Corbett and White mad and the worst we could do was get them guessing.

The night of the fight we sent my brother Bob to Corbett's dressing room to check the bandaging of his hands. We hadn't told Bob the reason for our rudeness, but we urged him to keep his ears open.

Pop and I had just opened the door to our own dressing room and were starting to head for the ringside when we saw Bob coming down the runway. There's always

a crowd outside the dressing room and Bob was having trouble fighting his way through. He came through the crowd, half on his feet and half on his elbows, and when he got to the room he pulled me back inside and slammed the door. His face was the color of a mouthguard.

"James!" he panted—to the family I was always James—"James," Bob panted, "he's gonna come out punching!"

We still didn't have a written guarantee, but it

looked good. I floated down the aisle to the ring feeling as smug and lightheaded as a bride. I sat forward on my stool and looked across at Corbett. He looked pale and anxious—the way a fighter usually looks when he's up for his fight. When I caught his eyes he stared back for a moment and then looked away.

Some of the writers who saw this exchange said afterward that Corbett's nerve was running out on him. I wasn't nearly so optimistic. In that last minute—no matter how confident I'd been a few minutes before—I began to feel, as always, a little shaky myself. If I'd been trying to psychoanalyze Corbett, all I'd have said was that he quit looking at me because he didn't like me.

George Blake, the referee, waved us to the middle of the ring and gave the stock instructions ending with the stock phrase—"Go to your corners and come out fighting."

Corbett obeyed to the letter and with a vengeance. I hadn't taken two steps before he was on top of me, throwing his left hand—his best hand.

In the first minute it crashed past my arms half-a-dozen times and bounced against my ribs like a bucketful of hot rivets. His first charge pinned me against the ropes and as I tried to circle away he hooked another hard left to the head.

I couldn't find room to get away from him, much less to throw a punch at him.

These punches of his all hurt. I was glad he was throwing them, but I was by no means glad they

Continued on page 48



POP FOSTER and the McLarnins retired to L.A. in 1936. Now they see each other often, but seldom talk about the past.



NEVER GET FRIENDLY WITH A FRIENDLY BEAR

**Don't let our pet Jasper fool you with his comic charm.
In the fur, bears can be tougher than traffic cops with
sore heads. They don't know their own strength and will
sometimes help themselves to the hand that's feeding them**

By FRED BODSWORTH

Jasper drawings by Simpkins

THE men whose job it is to keep an eye on Canada's birds and beasts have a problem: How do you keep wild black bears wild? Biologists tell us that Canada's bears are becoming too tame and sociable. It's serious. Tame bears, they say, are dangerous. Oddly enough, only a wild man-hating bear is a safe bear to have around.

You can always tell what a genuine wild bear will do. When he smells man scent he will gallop for the hills at 25 m.p.h. Trouble is, Canada and the U. S. don't have many of these genuine wild bears left. Many of Canada's bears have abandoned their wilderness way of life and become sociable parasites around towns, lumber camps and tourist lodges. They have discovered it's much easier to live off hand-outs than to make a living the old way.

All this has our park officials and wildlife experts worried. Bruin means well but he has atrocious table manners. He sits around camp politely munching bread or bacon rind handouts, then shuffles up and makes off with a couple of loaves of bread or a side of bacon. Usually he leaves a wrecked tent or food locker behind. In parks like Jasper in Alberta black bears will eat chocolate bars and cookies out of visitors' hands. But if they don't start getting at least half a dozen cookies at a time they may claw the flesh off a man's arm.

Every summer park rangers rush several persons to first-aid stations with clawed arms and nipped fingers. Bears are short-tempered. They won't take teasing. A bear will take a sandwich out of a tourist's hand like a gentleman. Then he'll notice that the fellow has a box of sandwiches concealed behind his back and he will knock the tourist over to get the whole box.

Some years ago, near Algonquin Park in Northern Ontario, a friendly bear was accepting candy from a U. S. woman tourist. She began teasing, holding out a candy and jerking it back to make the bear sit up. He didn't like this. He took one swipe with his paw and raked her with his claws from her face to her knees. She is scarred for life.

As Goldilocks found out, there are great big bears, middle-sized bears and wee little bears.

On the coastal slopes of Alaska is the Alaskan brown bear, an overgrown grizzly that sometimes fattens up to 1,500 pounds and walks off carrying the carcass of a bull elk, which weighs the better part of a ton, as though it were an extra overcoat.

The middle-sized bear is the grizzly, a hulking

800 pounds of brawn who has retreated into the remote wilderness areas of the Rockies. Biologists estimate that fewer than 600 grizzlies survive in the U. S. Only in British Columbia, the Yukon and Alaska do big-game hunters still find them.

America's wee little bear is the black bear—"wee little" as bears go, yet still big enough to tip scales occasionally at 600 pounds and rip the roof boards off a summer cottage as though it was a match box. This is the bear on most of the continent from Mexico to the Arctic. Most of them are coal black with a brown snout, though in parts of the West there is a brown one.

How do you tell a grizzly from a black bear? One B. C. guide suggests: "Climb a tree and if the bear climbs after you it's a black." Grizzlies climb well until they are about a year old, then their claws will no longer support their weight. Black bears climb like kittens.

Won't Even Hug Blondes

There are more exact ways of telling them apart. The grizzly has a prominent shoulder hump and a big round dishpan face. The black bear isn't humpbacked and has a narrower, more pointed face. If your bear ambles up with a friendly "woof," sits on his haunches and begs for something to eat, it's Blackie. Just the same you'd better tell him to rustle up his own dinner if you want to keep on counting to ten on your fingers.

Ever since Champlain became Canada's first bear hunter we've been slandering the black bear as a pig-thieving, baby-snatching bruiser with a rib-crushing bear hug for every human he meets.

A few million armchair hunters have the idea that a bear rears up on his hind legs at sight of man and charges with the speed of an express train (it's always an express train). If the bold hunter's trusty Winchester doesn't knock bruin out of commission when he's six feet away (it's always six feet, too), the bear snatches up his adversary and hugs him until his ribs are shattered.

No bear has yet shown the least desire to hug anyone and they've met their share of blondes in shorts, too.

Truth is, the black bear would much sooner eat chocolate cake or peppermints than chew on a leg of man. He just doesn't know his own strength, that's all. He might claw a couple of layers of flesh

off a man's back with a friendly "woof" that just means "Hurry up and pass the peppermints."

In parks and resorts, bears are fine tourist attractions. But park officials would sleep better if tourists were not so interested in bears.

Tame bears can never be relied upon to continue acting like tame bears. A mother who thinks her cubs are threatened or a touchy old daddy alarmed by a back-firing car are at times instantly transformed into frantic wild animals.

Bears in Jasper Park have been as domesticated as fox terriers ever since Earl Haig opened the golf course there in 1925 and at the fourth hole a big black daddy clouted Haig's ball down the fairway with his paw. Bears sometimes sit on the golf course benches. Yet last June, when Vince Holbert, a University of Alberta student, stopped to admire two playful cubs the mother bear charged, knocked him down with one swipe of her paw and began chewing on his leg. The bear was finally frightened away by the shouts of Holbert's companions.

In a summer home area of northern Michigan, near Sault Ste. Marie, bears started getting chummy two years ago, entertaining cottagers by eating from garbage pits while people watched. One became too chummy and lost his fear of man. He dragged off three-year-old Carol Pomerany and left her dead in the bush.

This is the only recorded instance of a black bear making an unprovoked attack on a human. There are other records of attacks by bears but all are cases in which the bear was teased, protecting cubs, or wounded.

But when tourists get too close they aren't safe whether the bear attacks or not. Bears aren't gentle. In Yellowstone Park, Wyo., a tourist photographing a friendly bear got between the bear and an empty syrup can the animal was eyeing. The bear gave the tourist a little nudge to push him out of the way. The nudge broke the man's shoulder.

"When bears get into trouble with tourists it is usually the tourists' fault," says Dr. William J. K. Harkness, chief of the Ontario Government's division of fish and wildlife. "In Algonquin Park we have bears fearless enough to gather at garbage dumps when people are standing near, but they're not tame enough to let people feed them. We want to keep them that way. Because when bears let tourists approach close, sooner or later someone

does something foolish and gets himself hurt." The bears seem intent on developing a close association with man whether the wildlife experts approve or not.

In Waterton, a resort town in southern Alberta, last summer a bear ambled down the main street, came to an open tavern door, strolled through the lobby and headed like a seasoned pub-crawler for the beverage room. While drinkers scattered and waiters hid behind the bar the bear squatted on a table and clawed plaster from the ceiling. Ten minutes later he ambled out and returned to the bush.

Residents of Fort William, Port Arthur and Sault Ste. Marie are growing accustomed to seeing bears on the streets. In Port Arthur last fall a woman called police and exclaimed: "There's a bear walking up my sidewalk." Police cruisers arrived but the bear had disappeared. Other residents began reporting bears on their sidewalks. Cruisers sped from street to street, always about one block behind the bear, as radio messages from headquarters kept them on the trail. Finally the police cornered the bear under a verandah and shot him. Two hours later a second bear was cornered in a tree and also shot.

At Hearst, Ont., a farmer's wife glanced out her window and saw a bear muscling pigs away from a barnyard feed trough. She chased it back into the bush with a broom while the pigs squealed applause.

Bears have keen curiosity, keen noses and very poor eyesight. Men in the bush frequently become alarmed and fear a bear is about to attack them when actually the animal is only lured by curiosity or scent and unable to see clearly what it is getting into.

A Powerful Smeller In That Snout

In northwestern Ontario's Quetico Park last summer Sig Olson, biologist for the Izaak Walton League, told me of a bear encounter he had a few years ago. He had stopped at a Quetico campsite, unloaded his canoe and left two freshly caught lake trout lying in the shade under one of the packs. Then he walked into the bush a few yards to cut wood. He climbed onto the trunk of a fallen tree and at the other end of the tree 100 feet away saw a mother bear and two cubs. The big bear was facing him, swaying her head from side to side and snorting impatiently. Olson knew that a mother bear with cubs might attack. If he ran for his canoe the bear

could easily overtake him. If he climbed a tree, probably the bear would come right up after him. He gripped his axe and waited.

The bear moved slowly along the tree, head tossing, nostrils wide and sniffing noisily. Olson glanced around and selected a small jack pine. If he had to he could climb it and hope that it was too small for the bear to follow. The bear approached more rapidly. If he turned to run she could be on top of him in three bounds.

Then the bear, ignoring him, jumped down from the tree, ambled past a few feet away, picked up the lake trout from under his pack-sack and carried the fish back to her cubs. She hadn't seen him, had merely smelled the fish and was sniffing her way along the fallen tree toward them.

Two lakehead men on a fishing trip two years ago were portaging into Trout Lake, 25 miles northwest of Fort William. One took the canoe, the other followed with camp equipment. It was a steep trail and the leading man, his head under the canoe, could hear his companion puffing along behind. For half a mile he kept chatting, telling jokes, and when his pal didn't answer he attributed the silence to his shortness of breath. At the top of the ridge he put the canoe down. *Continued on page 47*





Illustrated by Jack Bush

In Port-au-Prince, where the mysterious doctor fell ill, two officers came calling uninvited. They swore to keep a secret as long as they lived.

The Double Life of Dr. James Barry

Inspector-General Barry ruled the British Army's medical corps in Canada with a bossy efficiency in a thick cloud of rumor and legend. Then, after 53 years' service, a shocking secret came out

By James Bannerman

ONE of the sights of Montreal in the winter of 1858 was a magnificent red sleigh that dashed along Sherbrooke Street every fine afternoon, silver bells jingling, harness glittering, a coachman and footman in glossy furs on the front seat. But eye-filling though all this was, two things made the sleigh downright spectacular—the lunatic speed at which it was driven and the grotesque appearance of its solitary passenger.

Not quite five feet tall he wore a tight-fitting dark-blue military uniform. His chin, half hidden by the folds of the greatcoat collar, was narrow and sloping; his mouth a tiny peevish slit under a beak of a nose. The yellowish cheeks had a kind of withered smoothness, and such of his thinning hair as

could be seen under a gold-braided peaked cap was dyed scarlet. Every now and again, when the sleigh bounced and slewed in an icy rut, he was flung violently to the floor, cursing in a voice like the squall of an angry sea gull.

Even the most polite Montrealers stared openly. For the strange little creature struggling in a tangle of musk-ox robes at the bottom of his wonderful sleigh was Dr. James Barry, Inspector-General of Military Hospitals and Principal Medical Officer of the British Army in Canada. Army doctors at this time did not rate military titles beyond that of the post they held. Barry's equivalent

rank, however, was major-general. Although he had only arrived from England that fall he was already surrounded by rumor and legend.

People said his coachmen drove him as they did in revenge for being treated like dogs and that he had to hire and fire a new one every few days. They said he never drank wine or spirits, and would eat nothing but fruit and vegetables. They said he slept on specially made pillows which he took with him wherever he went, and used an enormous number of bath towels. They said a great deal, and some of it was true. But there was something far stranger about the inspector-general than anything they knew or guessed, something too fantastic to suspect.

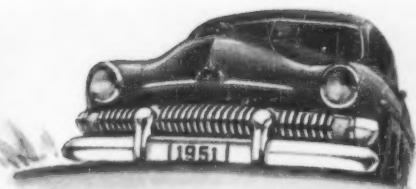
James Barry was a woman.

The beginning of her story is lost. There is no record of her birth. *Continued on page 50*

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

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In Port-au-Prince, where the mysterious doctor fell ill, two officers came calling uninvited. They swore to keep a secret.

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People said his coachman was a spy sent in revenge for being tried for treason. He had to hire and fire a new coachman every month, said he never drank whisky, ate nothing but fruit and vegetables, slept on specially made beds, and took a number of bath towels with him wherever he went. Some of it was true, some of it was false, and some of it was true but far stranger about him than anything they knew or suspected.

James Barry was a woman. The beginning of her record of her birth

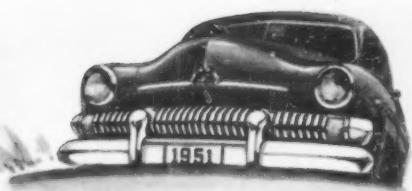
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SIDNEY KATZ and friends. He's going to tell you all about them.

KEN BELL

In the Editors' Confidence

SIDNEY KATZ and Herb Manning have joined our staff as assistant editors. Both their names have appeared in the magazine as by-lines on articles. Katz was pictured in this very column in the Aug. 15, 1949, issue, surrounded by the newspapers from which he extracted the story of how the Toronto evening papers covered the last federal election.

Manning, who comes to the magazine from the news editorship of the Winnipeg Tribune, wrote us a story a few years ago about the colorful characters who populated the Olympic Rink in his hometown.

Katz, who was born in Ottawa, has combined the careers of a social worker and a magazine writer ever since he left the Air Force in 1946. He worked for a digest magazine, attended the University of Toronto and wrote pieces for us—all at the same time. Completing study for his master's degree last spring he set off almost at once on a trip that took him across the nation talking to hundreds of teen-agers about their problems.

The first results of this big assignment will be seen in the next issue when a three-part series, called "It's a Tough Time to be a Kid," begins.

In Vancouver, Katz, who is 34, was asked by a young blonde: "What's it like to be settled and not always wanting to go places and see things?" Katz will be going many places and seeing many things for us. His list of assignments will understandably lean in the direction of his other profession, in which he has already gained international recognition.

Mrs. Katz writes for us too under the name of Dorothy Sangster. We're not suggesting there is anything sneaky about her using this name because it was hers before she was

married. They have a son Stephen, 3. When Manning, who is 37, got on the train to come to Toronto and this magazine he said he felt like a commuter catching a local. In the last few months he has made four round trips between his native Winnipeg and the East.

In the spring he moved his family to Toronto to escape the flood. He came east again in July to pick them up, have a vacation and get his shoes dried out.

A month later he was back in the Ottawa Press Gallery and returned to Winnipeg just in time to unpack his bags before coming to Toronto, once again, and to this magazine.

"Frankly," he says, "I'm tired of looking at Lake Superior."

He is married to Dorothy Robinson and has a daughter, Merrily, aged 8.



HERB MANNING, tired of looking at Superior, can now get acquainted with smaller Ontario.

KEN BELL



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE used the store of Bouchard et Frère (Marchands Généraux) in Baie-St-Paul, County Charlevoix, Que., as the model for this cover. "I did the painting right in the store with two rather unfriendly cats for company," he writes. "This store did not have merchandise hanging from the ceiling as most of the others in the area did. So, I made sketches and moved some of the goods to my store. The scales, for instance, were drawn in Warren's general store, in Pointe au Pic. Everyone was very helpful as I explained in my version of French just what it was I wanted. They also seemed sure I was crazy, but harmless."

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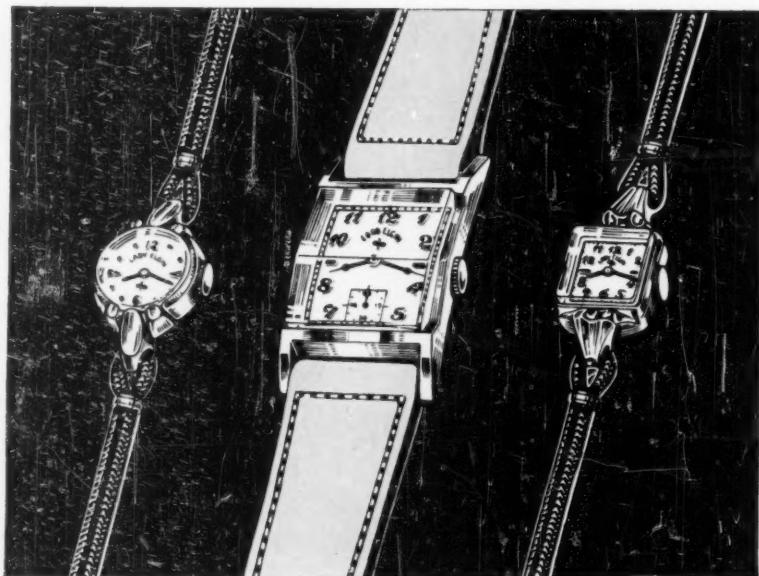
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Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

CONVICTED: The basic materials are awfully familiar, but sincere acting and Henry Levin's crisp direction make this a better-than-average prison drama, enlivened by laconic humor. The good cast includes Broderick Crawford, Glenn Ford, Millard Mitchell,

SO YEARS BEFORE YOUR EYES: Barbara Ann Scott, the late Mackenzie King and other Canadians are briefly spotlighted—along with such global luminaries as Buffalo Bill, Valentino and Hitler—in a half-century newsreel panorama. Sketchy but interesting.

THE MILKMAN: An affable, unpretentious little farce, starring Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor as dairy deliverymen who run afoul of some tough but bewildered hoodlums. The great Schnozzola sings a couple of fairly lively songs in his copyrighted mood of genial indignation.

MISTER 880: If you can't visualize such a thing as a lovable counterfeiter, wait till you see Edmund Gwenn as an old junkman whose activities keep the treasury sleuths in a mad tizzy for 10 years. One of the season's better comedies; an enjoyable job all around.

NO WAY OUT: The most blunt and shocking of all Hollywood's studies of race prejudice in America. However, the Negro-hater, played vividly by Richard Widmark, is practically a homicidal maniac, a fact which lessens the film's impact on "nice" people guilty of less

violent intolerance. Worth seeing just the same.

THE PETTY GIRL: An amiable semi-musical about a society painter (Robert Cummings) who finds a prim but shapely professor (Joan Caulfield) and turns her into the queen of the pin-ups. Elsa Lanchester and Melville Cooper take part in the shenanigans, some of which are quite amusing.

PRETTY BABY: This one starts out with a good comic idea—pretty spinster carries life-sized doll on subway trips so somebody always gets up and gives her a seat. But the fun stretches out too thinly, long before the plot has run its tedious course. Betsy Drake is the gal, and Edmund Gwenn the crusty tycoon who "adopts" her.

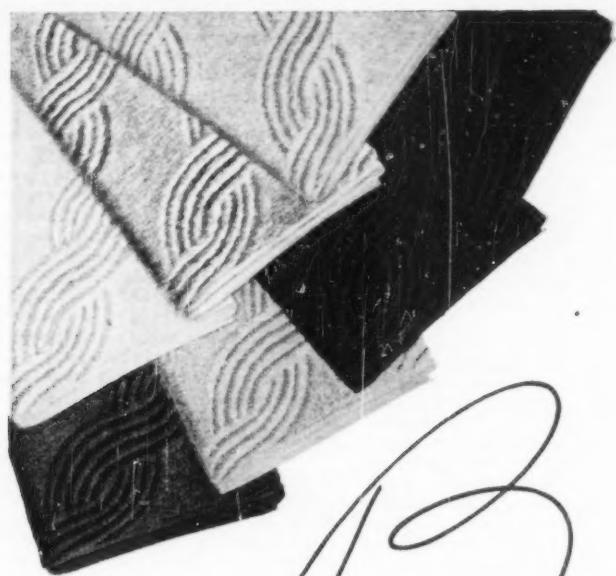
SADDLE TRAMP: Another attempt—mainly unsuccessful, in my opinion—to ring in few chuckly changes on the ancient yarn about the vagabond bachelor who foster-fathers a brood of small children. Mildly and pleasantly satirical at first, it becomes routine hoss-opera at the finish. Joel McCrea is the hero.

SUMMER STOCK: Judy Garland, it now becomes clear, still has more communicable zest and charm in putting over a popular song than most of her younger (and older) rivals. Her talents and the agile footwork of Gene Kelly are enough to make this fun-in-a-barn musical a superior entry in its own category.

GILMOUR RATES . . .

All the King's Men: Drama. Excellent.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.
Beaver Valley: Wildlife short. Tops.
Bicycle Thief: Tragi-comedy. Tops.
Black Rose: Costumed drama. Poor.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.
Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Frontier drama. Good.
Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy. Fair.
Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Copper Canyon: Comic western. Fair.
Destination Moon: Space drama. Good.
Duchess of Idaho: Musical. Fair.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.
The Fireball: Rooney drama. Fair.
Flame and the Arrow: Costumed swash-buckler plus acrobatics. Fair.
Frightened City: Plague drama. Poor.
The Furies: "Super-western." Poor.
Glass Mountain: Opera drama. Fair.
Golden Twenties: Historical. Good.
Great Jewel Robber: Crime. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.
Holy Year 1950: Rome pilgrimage. Fair.
House by the River: Drama. Poor.
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense. Fair.
Intruder in the Dust: Drama. Good.
Key to the City: Gable comedy. Fair.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: Crime. Fair.

Lady Without Passport: Drama. Poor.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Louisa: "Gay grandma" comedy. Fair.
Love Happy: Marx Bros. farce. Fair.
Morning Departure: Sea drama. Fair.
My Blue Heaven: TV musical. Fair.
My Friend Irma Goes West: Slapstick ranch musical. Fair.
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.
Pan in the Streets: Crime. Excellent.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Reformer and Redhead: Comedy. Fair.
Reluctant Widow: Spy drama. Poor.
Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Rocketship XM: Space drama. Fair.
711 Ocean Drive: Crime. Fair.
Shadow on the Wall: Suspense. Fair.
Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy. Fair.
Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Stars in My Crown: Old West. Fair.
Stella: Screwball comedy. Fair.
Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.
They Were Not Divided: War. Fair.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
The Titan: Art documentary. Tops.
Three Came Home: Drama. Good.
Three Little Words: Musical. Fair.
Treasure Island: Boy adventure. Good.
Twelve O'Clock High: Air war. Tops.
Union Station: Kidnapping. Good.
Wabash Avenue: Musical. Fair.
Wagonmaster: Western. Good.
Where the Sidewalk Ends: Detective melodrama. Fair.
Winchester '73: Western. Good.



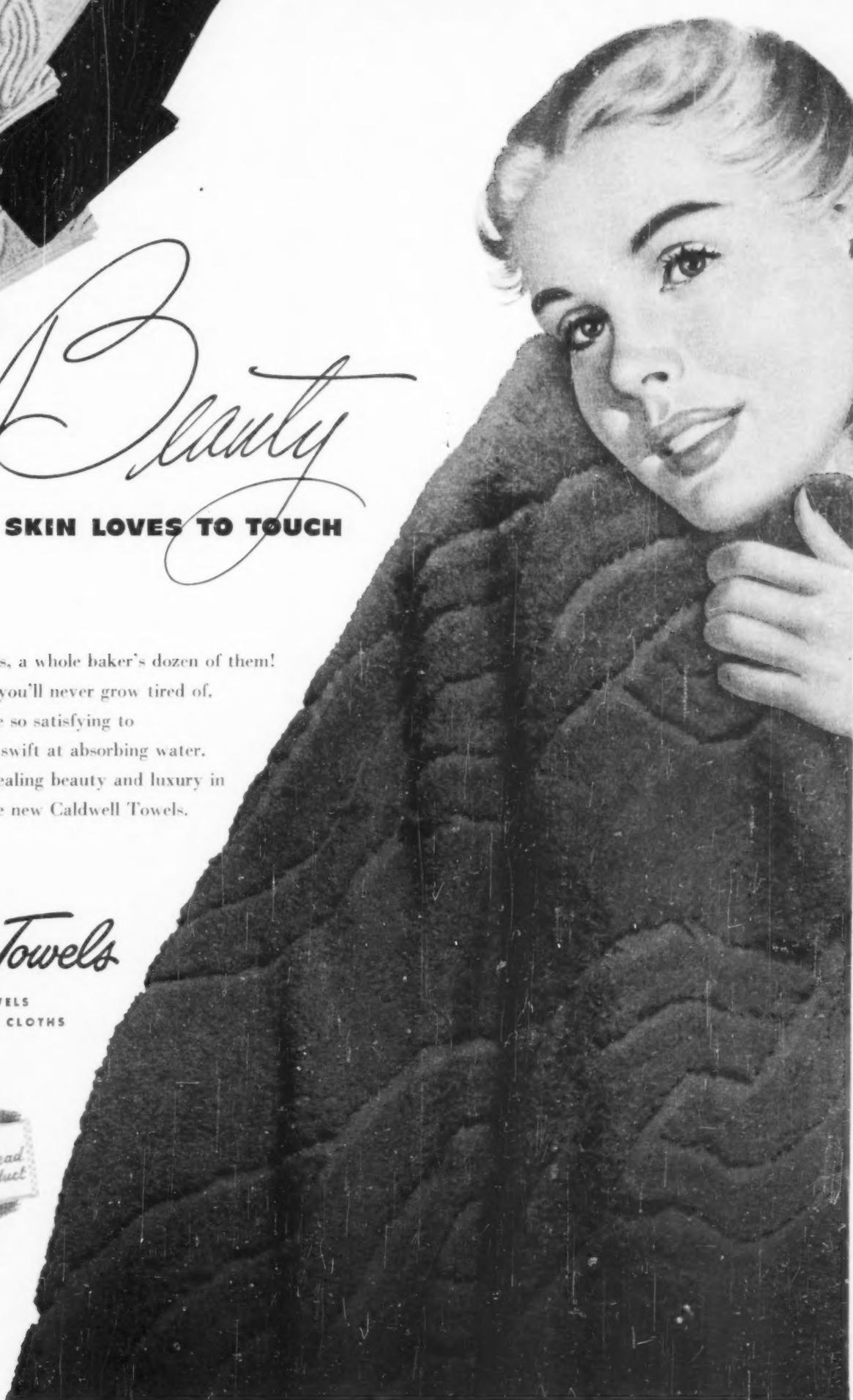
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Everybody Boos the CBC

Continued from page 9

phrases in the Quebec manner.

Fifteen hundred farm groups gather faithfully each Monday to hear the CBC's "Farm Forum" and half a million school children hear the morning school broadcasts on weekdays. These school broadcasts have standardized the Shakespearean plays studied in most provinces and have caused the addition of two new courses—conservation and guidance—to the Ontario curriculum.

Canadians almost anywhere in the world can hear CBC programs. Three Oblate missionaries listen regularly: one to the French network in Montreal, one to CBC short wave beamed to B. C.'s Queen Charlotte Islands and a third to the International Service in Chile. An Italian street urchin recently wrote in for a CBC schedule explaining he was too poor to own a radio but had found a house in Rome where CBC programs came through an open window. A Brazilian wrote that after hearing the CBC he'd broken a sacred vow to visit the Holy Land and would come to Canada instead. In a recent poll taken of 6,000 listeners around the world by the International Shortwave Listening Club the CBC ranked fourth in a field of 26, three places ahead of the Voice of America, whose budget is seven times larger.

Sometimes Canadian producers feel they are without honor in their own country. When Swedish-born Esse Ljungh (pronounced "Young") produced a series of folk legends he got 16 letters from CBC listeners, most of them derogatory. The series was also carried on a New York City station and produced 2,000 letters from Americans. Only one beefed.

CBC programs regularly win radio oscars from the Institute for Education by Radio, at Columbus, Ohio. Last year the CBC took more of these awards than any of the U. S. nets.

Recently a group of U. S. radio people, including Norman Corwin, the gifted writer, listened to a recording of the CBC's two-hour production of "Hamlet." Canadian Major Moore, who was present, noted with dismay that Corwin grew gloomier and gloomier as the play progressed. It turned out, however, that Corwin wasn't upset by the production but by the fact that in the U. S. it wouldn't be commercially possible to produce a two-hour Shakespearean drama free of commercials.

U. S. radio is as different from its Canadian cousin as the Manhattan towers of Radio City are from the one-time young ladies' seminary that now houses the CBC's Toronto studios. There is little of the frantic atmosphere of sales and soap on this side of the line. Ernie Bushnell recalls walking into the office of his opposite number on a big American net. It was a perfect Bedlam. A playback machine was roaring out a recently transcribed program; a loud-speaker hooked to a rehearsal studio was blaring from another corner; and there seemed to be three radios as well—all tuned to different programs. Bushnell has one old-fashioned radio in his office to which he seldom listens. "Quite frankly I can't work with that damn thing on," he says.

"The American nets are interested primarily in making money," one CBC man said recently. "The CBC is interested in losing it."

The reason for this difference in concept—a difference which will almost certainly be carried over into television—can be traced directly to Canadian geography and history. A Canadian network must operate in six

time zones and two languages and it must also service the sparsely populated districts which make up most of the country. Only a network prepared to lose money could do this.

Before the first Royal Commission into radio Canadian stations were largely northern extensions of U. S. networks, primarily serving city areas. The occasional Canadian network show was handled by the Canadian National Railway and on one occasion listeners to a musical program were treated to a fine display of profanity by a CNR dispatcher who hooked into the network by mistake. As late as 1932 only two fifths of the country outside of Toronto and Montreal could get regular programs and there were no French programs at all. The CBC, like the railways, defies geography to link the nation.

The present radio setup is the result of the recommendations of a Royal Commission under banker Sir John Aird, created by a Liberal government in 1929 and implemented with some modifications by a Conservative government in 1932. The Aird report urged total nationalization of radio, but a parliamentary committee decided that private stations should be allowed to continue to serve local needs while a government-owned network should serve national needs. A board of governors, serving without salary, was appointed to sit in judgment on both, giving preference to national interests.

The initial result was Hector Charlesworth's Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission. "If the politicians leave us alone we shall be all right," said Charlesworth. They didn't. Jean

CHRISTMAS AT THE EMPRESS

There's no other hotel quite like the ivied Empress in Victoria. And there's no other writer who could have written about it with the same wit and knowledge as

Bruce Hutchison

IN MACLEAN'S DEC. 15

On Sale Dec. 8

François Pouliot rose in the Commons at one point to suggest that Charlesworth's tongue should be torn from his mouth and wound seven times around his whiskers.

The CRBC was fettered with a civil-service atmosphere. Salaries were held up for weeks pending Treasury approval. When Charlesworth sent a \$10 wreath to the funeral of the president of the Canadian Radio Manufacturers' Association an order-in-council was needed to approve the spending. The CRBC, as one M.P. put it, was "alone, yet not alone." Four years later it was replaced by the CBC which is divorced from direct government interference and has control over its own expenditures.

It is a curious legal animal. MacKenzie King once agreed with Gordon Graydon that it was "half and half—partly a department of the government, partly a public corporation." Nonetheless, it has withstood the scrutiny of seven parliamentary committees and two Gallup polls.

There have been a few attempts at political control. For example, General L. R. LaFleche, when he was Minister

Continued on page 32

So right" for so many—a Kodak Camera

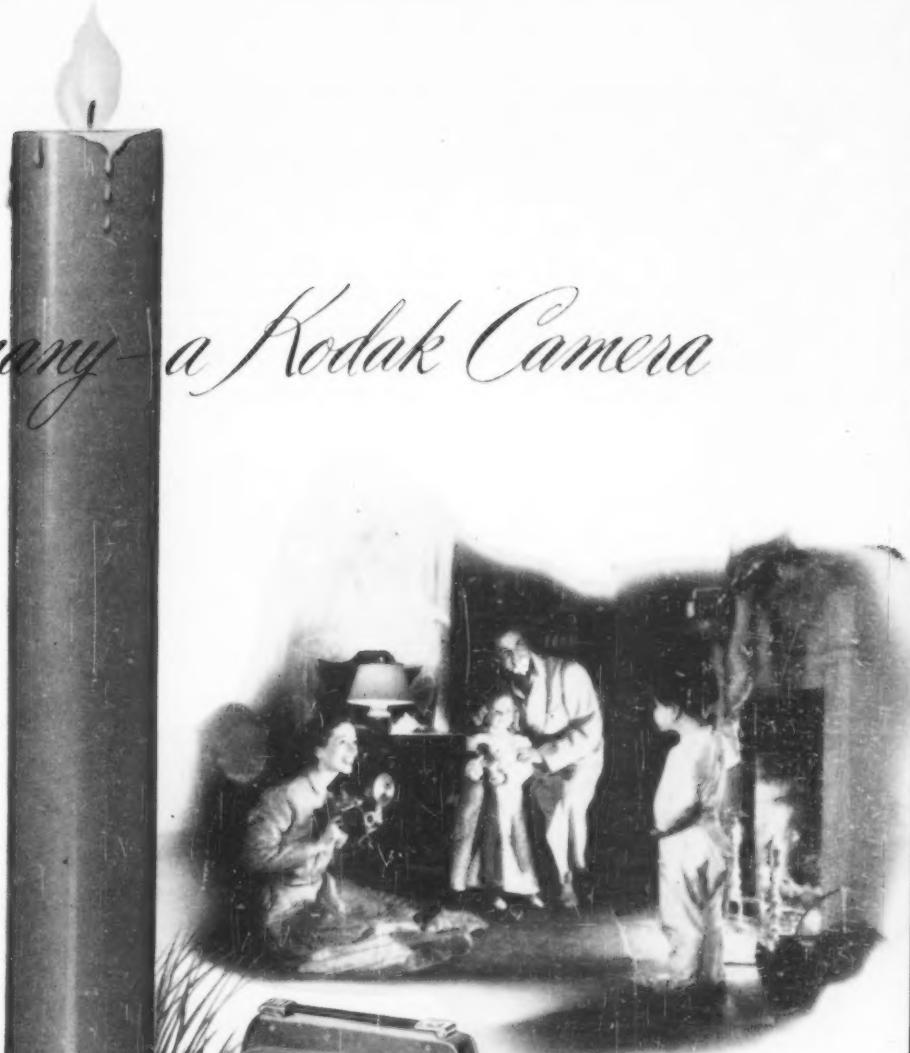
NAME ANYONE YOU WILL . . . to each a new Kodak Camera is a "wanted" gift—a prized possession that brings years of pleasure.

So important . . . so worth while—whether you're introducing a youngster to the fascination of photography or graduating a grownup to a fine modern camera.

Such an "accomplished" gift—Today's Kodak Cameras make wonderful full-color snapshots as well as black-and-white . . . snapshots around the clock, indoors or out.

So easy to buy—You'll find Kodak Cameras at photo counters everywhere—in a wide range of prices and models. And they're so easy to wrap attractively, to mail . . . so exciting to open. Why not start shopping on this page, continue at your near-by dealer's . . .

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto



Kodak Pony 828 Camera—\$34.
Bright new "miniature"—for sparkling color slides, album-size prints in color or black-and-white. Flashholder with guard, \$14. "Pony 135," \$40.



Brownie Hawkeye Camera, Flash Model—\$8.
Kodak's famous box "Brownie" in a smart new model . . . now with built-in flash. Flashholder with guard, \$4.40. Complete "flash" outfit—camera, Flashholder, film, flash lamps, batteries, photo-tips booklet—\$15.50.



Baby Brownie Special Camera—
\$3.10. Perfect for beginners of all ages. Smallest of the Brownie cameras, it makes excellent snapshots.



Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera, f/2.7
Lens—\$106. Wonderful movies on a snapshot budget. Loads easily with economical 8mm. roll film. With f/1.9 lens, \$131.



Kodak Tourist Camera, Kodet Lens—
\$26. Old favorite with new ideas. Kodak's economy-model folding camera. Other "Tourists," \$40.75 to \$100. Flashholder with guard, \$14.



Kodak Duoflex II Camera, Kodet Lens—\$16. Exciting new twin-lens model. Brilliant view finder "previews" your pictures. Flashholder, \$4.

All prices are subject to change without notice

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

Continued from page 30
of National War Services once successfully ordered a controlman in Montreal to pull the plug on a program he didn't like on the state of Maritime Insane Asylums. But these have been stoutly resisted by the CBC itself.

The corporation started with 135 employees and six hours of network broadcasting a day. It now has 1,430 employees, operates its trans-Canada network 21½ hours a day, its French network 16 hours a day and its Dominion network six hours a day. The value of its equipment has increased from \$310,000 to \$9 millions.

Its new studios in Montreal's former Ford Hotel are the most modern on the continent. It operates 19 key stations, 17 relay stations and feeds its programs regularly to 86 private stations and, on special occasions, to 56 others. Private stations get CBC sustaining shows free and are paid a fee (which some of them think is too low) for carrying network commercial shows. The CBC gets \$2,300,000 from advertising but 80% of its shows are free of commercials. And it broadcasts more than 14,000 hours of home-grown talent each year.

Last year the CBC's over-all expenses

totaled \$8 millions, of which close to \$5½ millions came from license fees. Advertising revenue almost but not quite made up the difference, for the corporation showed an operating deficit of \$243,000 for 1949. An estimated 2,900,000 Canadian homes have radios, but only 2,192,400 set-owners bought licenses. Thus the corporation missed out on some \$1,770,000 in unpaid fees—or seven times its deficit.

Since the days of the Aird Commission the principle of public radio has been under continual fire from private station owners. Two of the most blistering briefs submitted to that com-

mission in 1929 were written by Ernie Bushnell himself, then a private station spokesman. Bushnell, a big blunt sandy-haired man who used to be tenor in a radio quartet, is now on the opposite side of the microphone, but others still fight the good fight.

The chief lobbyist for the private interests is James Allard, a smallish sandy-haired man who used to be a radio announcer and still speaks with the rich mellow tones of a cigarette commercial. Allard is president of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters to which most private stations belong. He owns six radios but never tunes any of them into a publicly owned station.

Briefly, the CAB would like to see a separate regulatory body supplant the present CBC Board of Governors to control all broadcasting in Canada. This, the CAB hopes, would pave the way for the setting up of commercial radio networks and the withdrawal of the CBC from commercial broadcasting.

Mild Davey Dunton, who also owns six radios, feels that this arrangement would badly cripple Canadian-style broadcasting. He suggests that many stations would simply revert to the old position of being northern spouts for U. S. networks, that many private stations which now carry CBC programs would junk them for commercial U. S. shows, leaving gaps in the national network, and that the loss of present commercial revenue would injure CBC programs or else force an increase in the license fee.

These two points of view have been dinned into the ears of Vincent Massey, the solemn-faced chairman of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, and it is up to him and his colleagues to decide on their relative merits. Their report will be handed to Parliament probably next month, but it's a good guess that, as far as radio is concerned, the main recommendations will revolve around financing. (The CBC has suggested a \$5 license fee, the CAB a government grant.)

A Simpler, Cheaper Video

The question of television is a far more important consideration and as touchy as a live microphone. It will also be dealt with in the Massey Report. Parliament can either adopt the report, amend it or shelve it, but it will probably accept its recommendations on TV. And in this case the report will be to Canadian video what the Aird report was to Canadian radio. Until the report is made public the CBC can do no more than make sketchy plans for TV programming while the private interests, who still aren't sure where they fit into the picture, can only hold their breath.

It is entirely probable, however, that Canada will end up, in television as in radio, with a saw-off between private and public ownership. Certainly there are enough television channels to go around—or will be eventually.

A channel is to television what a frequency is to radio, except that there aren't so many of them. The present system of very-high-frequency TV broadcasts would make only 12 channels available in Canada, but two or more stations can use the same channel if they're more than 250 miles apart. The Department of Transport, after conferring with the U. S. Federal Communications Commission to avoid over-the-border interference, has tentatively allotted Halifax the use of 3 channels, Montreal 5, Ottawa 3, Toronto 3, Hamilton and Windsor 1 each, Winnipeg 4, Regina 3, Edmonton and Calgary 4 each, Vancouver 3.

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Choose a gift of fine baggage with its promise of happy travelling ahead . . . and, for an extra heart-warming thrill, be sure it's McBrine! As Canada's most-wanted baggage, it is distinguished by smart styling, worthy gift quality and crushless-packing convenience.

INSIST ON McBRINE . . . IT'S CANADIAN

Look for this Hallmark of Quality . . .



ABOVE: Matching pieces of Men's Aeroflyte baggage with Briefcase — all in select, top grain cowhide. Also 3 pieces from the "open stock" Bermuda matched set.

LEFT: Train Case, Aeropack and Fortnight Case in McBrine "Regal" Rawhide. See these and other smart styles at your McBrine dealer's.

McBRINE
BAGGAGE

AROUND
THE WORLD

And up television's sleeve is ultra-high frequency, a second band which offers perhaps 50 channels, and which hasn't yet been exploited even in the U. S.

By next September, when the first Canadian - produced programs are scheduled to go on the air, the CBC will have spent its \$4½ million government loan to provide a bare minimum of TV facilities. TV costs are fantastically high compared with radio. A microphone costs \$150 but a TV camera costs \$20,000. Comparable studios cost six times as much and recordings 25 times as much. The new TV buildings in Montreal and Toronto will have only two studios each. (The new Montreal radio building, by comparison, has 28.)

Those Canadians who do see home-grown TV will only see it, for a start, for about two hours a night. And it will cost between \$35 and \$50 millions to bring network TV to all of Canada.

It's anybody's guess yet how these programs will be paid for. A single-hour show along extravagant U. S. lines would cost the combined radio license fees of 1,000 Canadians. Undoubtedly Canadian TV will be simpler and cheaper.

The CBC is also determined that, like radio, TV shall be primarily Canadian. Viewers will certainly see many U. S. telecasts. The CBC makes no secret of the fact that it would like to get the world series and the heavyweight boxing championships, but the bulk of the offerings will have a Canadian flavor. For instance, Fergus Mutrie, the ex-farmer who directs the Toronto end of the TV setup, is trying to line up some puppet characters who will be original and distinctively Canadian.

But the program pattern will be quite different from radio. Few if any of the familiar radio shows will be transferred directly to TV. (One possible exception would be Wayne and Shuster, who have already appeared on TV programs in New York.) Many of radio's best-known actors and writers may not prove adaptable to the new medium which in other countries has drawn large slices of talent from vaudeville, night club and stage.

At first, viewers will probably see special events (such as the Canadian National Exhibition, perhaps), simple plays using a few sets and not more than six actors, variety programs and short operettas by the CBC Opera Company. It's doubtful if there'll be spot news broadcasts at first. One 15-minute news broadcast on TV costs as much as an hour-long drama show. On the other hand there will be many inexpensive how-to-do-it demonstrations using one or two people and simple props. These are the TV counterpart of radio talks, which have always been a big item in Canadian radio (7,600 a year) though never in the U. S.

Later programs will grow more ambitious. As in radio, the CBC is drawing on European as well as American experience. It's possible, for example, that full-scale dramas may be allowed as much time as necessary to play them properly—two hours and 10 minutes, say—as is done in England. Big drama shows may be on a once-a-month rather than a once-a-week basis, but it's a good bet that they will be repeated.

But all this is in its infancy. The entire TV program staff in Toronto numbers seven. By September it will be close to 90. The same goes for Montreal.

The problem of bringing Canadian TV to all the people is nowhere near solution. Until it is the CBC's "go-slow" policy will continue to anger many people. It has not been without

its benefits, however. Ten million TV sets in the U. S. will soon be obsolete in the face of color television. But new sets are adaptable to either color or black and white—and Canadians have just begun to buy.

It is impossible, of course, to lag behind for ever. No one knows this better than Alphonse Ouimet, the CBC's TV co-ordinator.

"Television," he says, "is like a fast-moving streetcar. You've got to be moving at a pretty good speed yourself if you want to catch it."

Ouimet once went a little too fast: he joined a TV company in Montreal

back in 1931. "The pictures were such that if you stood close enough you could just barely recognize your own mother on the screen," he recalls. Now he figures the speed is about right.

A TV network will come slowly to Canada. The first step will probably be to link Montreal and Toronto, later adding Ottawa, Windsor and Quebec City. Western and Maritime stations will develop independently, using locally produced shows supplemented by films of network programs.

In the meantime the CBC's three radio networks will continue to operate and probably to expand, doling out the

curious brew of corn, culture and Canadianism which like so many other facets of life above the 49th parallel lies somewhere between the British and the American way of doing things. There is no reason to suspect that the ceaseless investigation of radio in Canada will stop after two royal commissions and eight parliamentary committees have said their piece about it.

As long as public radio exists in Canada, people will make complaints, suggestions, attacks and demands upon it.

And why shouldn't they? They're paying for it. ★

"Suggestion Box" by Westinghouse

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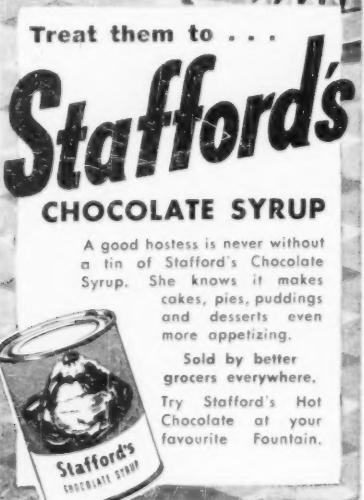
Three rousing cheers, Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean! Twiglets make a cocktail a celebration. These crisp, thin "twigs", with such piquant, savoury flavour are the correct answer to that much asked question "what can I serve with cocktails?"

83c IN TIN DRUMS

PEEK FREAN'S

Famous ENGLISH Biscuits

Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean



Corn

Continued from page 10

one man—Ferguson—sitting in a 10-by-7 booth in CBC's Jarvis Street studios in Toronto, his only equipment a two-foot-high dummy door used for sound effects, a package of cigarettes, and a wild and refreshing sense of humor.

When Ferguson came to Toronto from Halifax to start his own show he found himself on an uncomfortable half hour following a program of morning devotions and replacing a venerable program of military music which had been stirring people into life with their tea and crumpets for eight years. It wasn't long before things changed.

Among those who took a dim view of Ferguson's horning around on a government-sponsored station was Douglas G. Ross, then Progressive Conservative MP for Toronto—St. Paul's, who asked the Minister of National Revenue if he was aware of "that program of meaningless ravings and tripe, couched in the poorest possible illiterate English known as 'After-Breakfast Breakdown,' which was an insult to the intelligence of the Canadian people."

This was followed by a blast by the Rev. Stuart Ivison, of the First Baptist Church in Ottawa, who let fly at Ferguson through the Ottawa Journal. He accused the CBC of "sacrilege, blasphemy, evil, public avowal of irreligion and something that Godless Soviet Russia could hardly improve upon"; and cracked through with a bitterly satiric poem entitled "Good Friday On the CBC."

The whole thing started a verbal Donnybrook that could only have happened to the CBC. A letter-writing feud began in the Ottawa papers and Ferguson, who had been exceptionally popular in the Maritimes, received a heartening storm of letters from his Maritimes fans.

As a CBC staff announcer Ferguson is a modestly paid Jack-of-all-trades. He works regular shifts announcing anything from a four-word station break to a frenetic, agency-written commercial on how to get a whiter wash. Most of the time he is the calm impersonal sexless voice in your living room who says things like "The fore-going was transcribed."

But, like most CBC staffers, Ferguson has learned to double in brass. As Rawhide he emerges in the listeners' mind as a knob-knuckled, tobacco-stained, toothless old goat in a battered hat.

He talks like an illiterate though he's a graduate in languages from the University of Western Ontario in London, where he grew up. Two days a week on "After-Breakfast Breakdown" he was forced to play cowboy music, which he can't stand. This fall, however, he decided to dispense with it. People who liked the Rawhide patter couldn't stand the cowboy music and the cowboy fans didn't like the Rawhide skits.

When he first began as a disk jockey Ferguson ran his show from Halifax. Hank Snow, a Maritimer who has become a top cowboy balladeer, appeared on the show and asked Rawhide what he should sing. "Wal, I dunno," Rawhide drawled. "It might be kind o' nice if yuh gave us somethin' like that well-known strain from hernia."

One of Ferguson's standard characters is an insufferable pedant named Marvin Mellowbell who is embarrassingly out of touch with the times and who regularly bursts in on Rawhide with hopeless ideas for improving the standards of radio. Reluctantly, but with kindly tolerance, Rawhide makes

way for Marvin's buck-toothed enthusiasm and there follows a wide-open burlesque of some such well-known program as "Citizens' Forum." During this Marvin barks his shins on other Ferguson characters such as Stupid, a glib, loud-mouthed ignoramus who can't stand Rawhide; Grandma, a sweet, bird-voiced woman who is always trying to get him to eat poison chocolates; and such well-known guests as Winston Churchill and Peter Lorre, the latter usually engaged in a sinister clash of wills with his pet spider Harold.

One morning when signing off Ferguson asked his audience to concentrate on making newsman DeB Holly fluff the news. (Announcers love to see one another get logged for errors by the master control room.) Holly says that being conscious of all those people concentrating on making him say the wrong thing was an experience he won't forget, but he got through without a mistake.

Holly, who has the greatest respect for Ferguson's talent, was for his part satisfied if he could get Ferguson on and off the air on time. Although Ferguson could pass for a brisk young businessman he often moves around in a world of his own and is capable of great confusion about practical things.

"I had to lead him around by the hand," Holly says. "Show him the studio, point to the clock, and say slowly: 'You're on the air at 8:30.'"

Underpaid at 25c a Week?

Usually with about a minute to go Ferguson is still browsing around, head bowed thoughtfully, moving with the long careful strides of someone balancing on a narrow plank, as if he has another couple of days. When he goes on the air after casually talking to a fan on the phone or telling stories to someone in the control room up till the last second, he carries anything interesting in the conversation over onto the program without any change in manner.

He ad-libs practically all his stuff, his closest approach to a script being notes which he scribbles on the backs of envelopes just before the broadcast and usually loses. He is always in search of ideas. He gets his laughs legitimately with a sharp, satirical sense of observation and a feeling for lively burlesque.

Occasionally Ferguson's spontaneity gets a little too spontaneous for the comfort of CBC officials. He once told his audience the CBC was paying him only 25c a week. He is the only announcer who gives station breaks in the voice of one of his characters, using such outlandish English as "This is CBL Toronto, 50,000 devestatin' watts of power carryin' to the entire city limits." He used to end his morning broadcast with, "The time is bustin' on for nine."

Ferguson acts out his parts, shifting around in his chair when he says, "Come right in here, Marvin." He distorts his face, strikes poses, holds his cigarette between his thumb and forefinger when he's being sinister, helps imaginary old ladies out of the studio, drops ashes around when he shoots his mouth off as Stupid. It's all lively stuff to watch.

Born in Durham, England, of Irish parents, he spent most of his life in London, Ont. At high school he mimicked his teachers. He intended to be a teacher but his brother and a university professor argued him into radio. After graduation in 1946 he went to station CFPL in London as an announcer and joined the CBC a few months later. He was soon sent to station CBH in Halifax.

One of his first jobs was to disk

jockey a 15-minute program of the hated cowboy music. So that he wouldn't be utterly disgraced in the eyes of his friends he disguised his voice during the show. He called himself Rawhide and began to speak as if he were talking around a cud of tobacco.

"It was purely a defense measure," he explains.

Ferguson soon began to liven up the program with spontaneous nonsense, some of which got him on the carpet. At that time the Halifax station was getting an American feed from CBS and a regulation signature was, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System, where 90 million people meet each week." One bleak morning as he looked at these brave words Ferguson looked thoughtfully through the glass at his operator, Claud Wigle, and when he gave his station break he said: "This is CBH, Halifax, and there's just two of us here, Wiggy and me."

The Rawhide program went over with a bang in Halifax, Ferguson began to average 2,000 fan letters a month, and two years later he was sent to Toronto and put on the network.

Churchill In His Repertoire

Many Ferguson fans are women and children, who estimate his age at anywhere from 75 to 100, partly because of his toothless speech and partly because of repeated cracks such as, "Let's see, that was during the Boer War. I'd just started collecting my old-age pension." The women phone him to give him a piece of their minds when they think he's been behaving in a manner unbecoming of an old man, send him chocolates, records, cider, proposals of marriage, and, on one occasion, a knitted athletic support.

Ferguson's dead-pan mixture of fantasy and current events is confusing to new listeners. One time he did such a good impersonation of Winston Churchill that when he dropped back to his Rawhide voice one of his fans called CBC to say that, though she was a devoted follower of Rawhide's, she thought he was going a bit too far when he started butting into the middle of a speech by such a prominent statesman.

Ferguson oddly combines the qualities of the professional showman, to whom every knock is a boost, and the intense and touchy novice who takes things to heart. Most professionals take crank letters in their stride. Ferguson was called on the carpet for telling one woman to "drop dead" on the air.

He lives with his pretty, soft-spoken wife Norma ("Ginger") whom he married in April, 1949, and an infant son, Scott, in an old rooming district in midtown Toronto.

He met his wife during the apple-blossom festival at Kentville, N.S., and she still likes to tell of how, after Ferguson had fixed up date with her through Syd Kennedy, station manager of CBH in Halifax, she palmed him off as a practical joke on her sister Pat. The girls were Rawhide fans, but it was one thing to listen to the "old goat" and another to go out with him.

Ginger saved the big joke till the last minute, telling Pat over the supper table the night of the date that she was stuck with Rawhide. The joke was on Ginger when sister Pat turned up with a young man who was about as far from what she'd pictured Rawhide to be as you can get.

She wasn't the first person to be fooled by Ol' Rawhide. And it wasn't the first time that the joke turned out well. Several thousand Canadian listeners have had something the same experience. ★



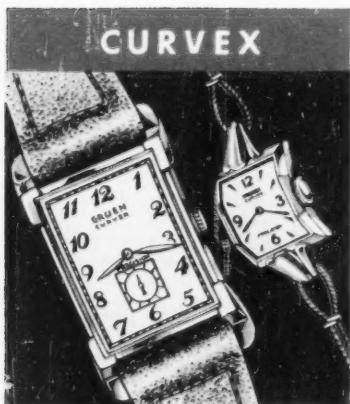
for a merry Xmas... give a GRUEN watch

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Yes, a wise Santa knows that a GRUEN watch—
THE Precision WATCH—is Christmas morning's
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From left to right:
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gold case, 2 diamonds, \$150.00. "LAURELLA"—
14 kt. white gold case, 18
diamonds, \$350.00.

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Luminous dial model, stainless Guildite, water-tight case, \$62.50. "CLIPPER"—
10 kt. gold-filled case, \$85.00. With 14 kt. gold case, \$162.50.

GRUEN
THE Precision WATCH

"But How Can EDUCATED People Be Catholics?"

Some "intellectuals" reject the Catholic belief in Christ.

Jesus, they say, was a mere man — not God. Some of them acknowledge that he was a great teacher and rank him with Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and Moses. A few even claim that no such Person as Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the entire structure called Christianity is founded upon a myth.

While refusing to believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, some of these educated people embrace Christianity because they feel that its moral laws are good for society.

The service of the Christian religion," declared one of these doubters, "and my own faith in essential Christianity, would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever lived." They are, in other words, willing to accept Christ's religion — but not Christ Himself.

It is ridiculous, of course, to suggest that the Catholic religion is the religion of the ignorant. For millions of educated people... and many of the world's most distinguished scholars, philosophers and scientists... have been devout Catholics. But discounting this fact, there is abundant evidence to support the Catholic teaching concerning Jesus.

It is to be found in the Four Gospels, in which the real Jesus is revealed to us. "But," argue some educated unbelievers, "you are assuming that the Four Gospels are an authentic recording of the life and



teaching of Jesus Christ. We refuse to believe this."

The "intellectuals" are, of course, being anything but intellectual in taking this position. For there is more abundant proof of the genuineness of the Gospels than there is to support other historical records which scholars accept without question. References to and quotations from the Four Gospels date back as far as the first century of the Christian era... and are found in writings contemporary with the Apostles and the first Christians.



We will be happy to send you without cost or obligation, an interesting pamphlet explaining... Why you can believe the Gospels... How the Gospels were written... Who discarded the Gospels... Why educated and intelligent people should accept Christ and His Church. Write today — ask for Pamphlet No. MM-17.

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Until I discovered Dr. D. D. Dennis' amazingly fast relief! Pure, cooling, liquid medication gives peace and comfort from cruel itching caused by eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other itch troubles. Trial bottle, 35¢. First application checks even the most intense itch or money back. Ask druggist for Dr. D. D. Prescription (ordinary or extra strength).

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Culture

Continued from page 11

calls for a repeat performance before the final bars were sung.

"Grimes" was the biggest and most expensive experiment on the Wednesday night series of advanced and significant programs. It cost the chronically hard-up CBC an estimated \$16,000 and the repeat show ran around \$4,000. The letters that poured in the following day ran the gamut of opinion from the woman in Cranbrook, B.C., who wrote, "Please, please spare us"; to the man in Highland, Ont., who was so pleased he discussed the opera scene by scene; to British composer Britten himself who pronounced it the best radio performance of his work he had ever heard. Most of the letters were complimentary.

Wednesday Night has matched "Grimes" with such conventional operas as "Don Giovanni" and "La Traviata." Dramatically, there have been such offerings as O'Casey's Irish rebellion play, "Juno and the Paycock," and "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," a dish compounded of blood, thunder, sex and symbolism by the Elizabethan Christopher Marlowe.

On the lighter side there have been dramatizations of Stephen Leacock's small-town stories and specially composed musical comedies such as "The Gallant Greenhorn," with book by Harry Boyle himself.

The ex-hobo who directs Wednesday Night is a hulking, red-faced, blondish product of rural Ontario who still sometimes looks as though he had slept in his clothes. Though he can talk with forceful eloquence his conversation is not always fit to print. The words with which he describes the inception of Wednesday Night are printable and show a rare faith in the artistic future of the country.

A Day With Old Sam

"We became aware," he says, "of a growing dissatisfaction on the part of many listeners with stereotyped material. There were good things available, but you had to poke about in the nooks and crannies of our schedules to dig them out. We felt that busy people would not go out of their way to listen to a solitary half-hour of something good. We did hope, though, that they would find the time to sit down before their radios if they could be sure of a whole evening of programs embracing a wide variety of material but all of it of the highest quality. Mind you, we were not trying to copy the British Broadcasting Corporation's "Third Program"—nothing so esoteric as that—but simply something different and good, and all of it in one block."

The average Wednesday Night cost of \$3,000 is for three hours of entertainment. Radio costs being what they are this is cheap programming. "Music for Canadians," a half-hour musical show prominent on the network a year or so back, used to cost its sponsor better than \$3,000 per program. Another half-hour commercial, the "Wayne and Schuster Show," probably works out to at least \$1,700 a show.

A typically ambitious Wednesday Night program was the 2½-hour documentary, "A Day in the Life of Samuel Johnson." It began when Boyle got the idea of recreating an interesting period in history in words and music. He talked it over with writer Lister Sinclair who suggested tying it down to the personality of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Boyle told Sinclair to go to work on the necessary research and writing.

Then he called in Dr. Arnold Walter, of Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music, to select appropriate period music.

The finished script was turned over to drama producer Esse Ljung who assigned the 40 different characters to 26 actors, many of whom played several roles. Samuel Hershenov was engaged to conduct an orchestra of 20 musicians with Walter at the harpsichord. Nicholas Goldschmidt, conductor of the CBC's opera company, was in charge of a chorus of 12 voices.

Ljung estimated 20 hours of rehearsals would be needed and he spent two days devising a schedule so these rehearsals would not conflict with other programs. But he was still forced to rehearse in carefully timed segments. When show time came he put these segments together for the first time.

What the listener heard was a picture of a full day's life in London in the year 1765, starting at the Inner Temple in early morning. Dentists, turnip-sellers and other street merchants wandered about, uttering their traditional cries—the first singing commercials. Then the great doctor appeared on his way to Drury Lane Theatre where his friend, the famous actor David Garrick, was rehearsing a moving drama of the day, "The Tragedy of the Orphan of China." Oliver Goldsmith appeared on the scene and before the day ended the listeners accompanied Dr. Johnson to a concert of 18th century music.

A Big Stick Is Ready

"Wednesday Night" fans wrote in their applause. Other listeners had the usual privilege of tuning in "The Great Gildersleeve" on the CBC's alternative network. Wednesday Night listeners will have opportunities of further time-travelling. They are scheduled to sit in on the age of Elizabeth and on the rise and fall of Napoleon.

Boyle's own tastes are simple. He likes going to the ball game, listening to old-fashioned waltz music and hoisting a few with a congenial spirit. He is outspoken and has no patience with red tape. In his off hours, which means after midnight, he writes radio plays. They deal with such subjects as the troubles which beset a proud and hungry man on strike, or about the evils of racial intolerance. Toronto's New Play Society recently presented Harry's first stage play, "The Inheritance." It was the story of an old farmer's love for the land, his hatred of new ways, and his clash with his son. There were technical faults in the play, but it dealt with real people in believable situations and it packed an emotional wallop.

Around the CBC Boyle is known as a man who gets things done. He does not like having to use a big stick but unfairness arouses him. Take the case of the night club that was glad to have its music broadcast but did not consider the radio technicians fit to mingle with its guests. They were shoved into a corner by the service entrance and told to keep out of sight. When Boyle heard that, he blew up. "By God," he told the proprietor in the milder portion of his remarks, "those men are as good as any of the people who go to your so-and-so place to kill time and if you don't treat them like gentlemen I'll come down there and tear the mikes out with my own hands." The affront was hurriedly rectified.

Boyle comes of third-generation Irish-Canadian stock. He was born 34 years ago, near Goderich, an Ontario town on Lake Huron. His father was a farmer and a storekeeper.

At the age of 10 Boyle submitted a

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story in a contest sponsored by an over-all manufacturing company and won the first prize of \$50. The story was about a railroad engineer. It must have sounded authentic because in addition to the money the company sent Boyle 10 suits of overalls—all size 44.

When Boyle was nearly expelled from Wingham High School for writing stories instead of heeding his teachers his father felt that his fears were being justified.

One day Boyle took his hat and razor and, without saying good-by, left home. He worked first as a truck driver then as a house painter and after that he was a bum drifting about the country. He might have ended up in British Columbia or China if it hadn't been for the brakeman who threw him off the train in Northern Ontario. "The next train I jumped was headed back east, so that's the way I went." He finally drifted back to the family store.

By this time he was 19 and things were getting a little better. He began to write rural news items for the Goderich Signal-Star and he sold some short stories to the Family Herald, tapping them out on an antique typewriter in between waiting on customers. He began to write a rural column called "Phil Osifer of Lazy Meadows," and after 15 years it is still running in several Ontario weekly papers. Farm readers like its homely style, its humor and sentiment.

Two Mastodons, Head On

There is an impulsive side to Boyle's nature. One day a girl walked into the store and asked for a bottle of ink. Boyle found out that her name was Marion—by asking her—and the next night he walked out with her. They got married the same summer. There are two children now—Patricia Ann, 10, and Michael, 4.

One day soon after his marriage Boyle was in Wingham. While he was there he thought he might as well tell the manager of the local radio station that he didn't like his news broadcasts. Invited to show what he could do Boyle became the station's news and farm commentator at \$3 a week.

In 1942 the CBC invited him to become its Ontario farm broadcast commentator. He rose to head of the farm broadcasts department and began to make his presence felt at the CBC.

When Ernest Bushnell, CBC director-general of programs, heard Boyle criticizing lack of co-ordination in network operations, he decided to make him put up or shut up. In a snorting encounter which must have resembled a minuet between two mastodons, rough tough Ernie roared, "So you don't like our so-and-so programs, eh? Can you do any better?" Replied Boyle, "You're damn right I can." "Okay," said Bushnell. "I'll give you a chance and you'd damn well better do better."

Boyle therefore became program director for the Trans-Canada Network and began to stir things up. Not everyone approved of his rapid rise. "He won't last," some predicted. "The red tape will get him." Or, "He's an outsider—has no respect for precedent." But Boyle has lasted, though responsibilities have added lines and blotches to his face.

For a dreamer he is plenty tough. He still upsets some of the more sensitive CBC executives with his bluntness. And for those artists and listeners who expect the embodiment of CBC Wednesday Night to wear a goatee and a pince-nez, the sight of the rumpled man with the farmer's face comes as a not unpleasant surprise. ★

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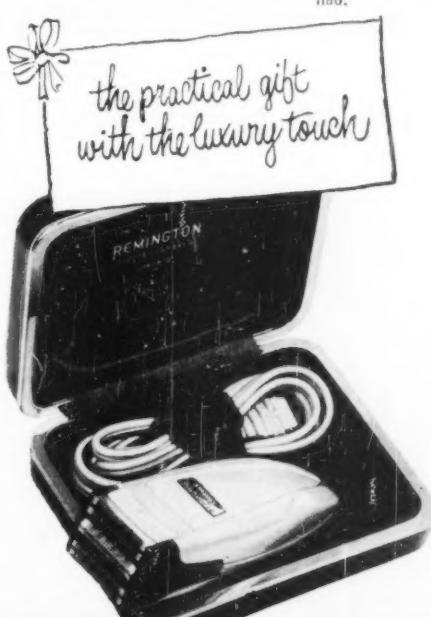
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Maclean's All-Canadian

Continued from page 15

wonderful attendance, with teams in the smaller stadium cities able to get it back at the gate.

This fall the casualty lists read like a Who's Who in Canadian Backfields. Frank Filchock played the first half of the season for Montreal with a broken finger the size of a banana. His team mate Bob Cunningham went out altogether with a bad knee. Royal Copeland struggled through a disappointing season at Calgary with a slightly crushed chest. Here are others: Touchdown Howie Turner (Ottawa), Pete Thodos (Montreal) and Stan Heath (Hamilton), shoulder separations; Del Wardein (Regina), a back injury; Indian Jack Jacobs (Winnipeg) and Lindy Berry (Edmonton), shoulder injuries which prompted their coaches to order them not to run with the ball; Billy Bass (Argos), a broken vertebrae. Well, you get the idea; every Saturday was along the lines of payday at the barracks.

The end of the professional football war in the U.S. (with amalgamation of the National League and All America Association) threw a lot of fairly celebrated line biffers and blockers on the open market and our lineups became bolstered with names from the Cleveland Browns, Buffalo Bills, Chicago Bears and the Los Angeles Dons.

What Happened to Calgary?

Coaches, too, came up from the south to operate with considerable success in the Canadian game. Frank Clair, a personable young man who had done his coaching with service teams, Buffalo University and Purdue, took over the direction of the retreating Argos and quickly put them in forward gear. Carl Voyles, a veteran of college coaching and professional football, likewise converted Hamilton Tiger-Cats from the role of also ran to the front rank in the Big Four. Seven of the country's eight top clubs employed the T-formation (Missouri, split or otherwise), leaving Annis Stukus at Edmonton alone with the single wing.

The most-talked-about development of the year, of course, was the almost complete collapse of Calgary, the Grey Cup winner of 1948 and finalist in another thrilling hoop-de-do in 1949. Les Lear's stylish Stampeders fell to the bottom of the prairie loop in a way that had fans across the country wondering what happened to these fabulous fellows from the foothills. Looking back, it seems simple enough. They lost their two kid halfback stars, Pete Thodos and Rod Pantages to Montreal; the great centre Doug Turner retired; some of their older experts aged rather suddenly; the injured Copeland was hardly at home in the Keith Spatha passing system, and—worst of all—Johnny Aguirre, one of the really solid linemen in the West, went out early with a serious injury. All this and the tremendous improvement of Winnipeg and Edmonton would have been enough to unseat the Cowboys even if they had done a better shopping job.

Speaking of the back market and other purchasing items, Winnipeg after several mistakes in underestimating their surroundings in 1949 waited shrewdly this year until they got almost exactly the men they wanted. They turned up with seven pro-football veterans and some easterners to round out a machine that set the old Bombers rooting as in the days of Martin Gainer, Jeff Nicklin and company. Their mid-season drive to the top of the league on the passing and kicking

of Jacobs, the placement hoofing of Aguirre, the terrific tackling of a huge line bolted solidly by John Brown, Buddy Tinsley, Glenn Johnson and Ed Henke and a speedy backfield featuring Tommy Ford and Tom Casey supplied the steadiest and most concerted drive of an otherwise topsy-turvy season.

The others all had their moments. Edmonton was an early season sensation on the pitching of Lindy Berry, a slim fast zigzagging passing ace from Texas Christian, and the fielding of his loose-jointed receiver, Slim Bailey.

They Blew Best Chances

Regina Roughriders and Ottawa Rough Riders had much in common besides their club monicker. Both well stocked with reserve strength, they had games in which they outlasted and outpointed the opposition along the ground. Regina's fine offensive backfield of hard plugging Al Bodine and Sammy Pearce and two great all-round performers, Ken Charlton and Del Wardein, piled up impressive ground gaining statistics behind a rock-ribbed Rider line.

Ottawa Rough Riders had a stumbling start and some trouble sorting out their imports and they were hurt by the departure of Quarterback Bob Paffrath to Edmonton. On top of that, John Wagoner, their outstanding middle, and Benny Steck, a fine Canadian inside wing, played most of the way fortified liberally with adhesive tape. Like Regina, they also had a most exciting manner of blowing their best chances.

The most open and razzle-dazzle spurt of the season was supplied by Toronto Argos in sunny September when they swept past Montreal (26-6 and 43-13), Ottawa (36-16) and Hamilton (48-8). Their Army Cadet style of play built around speeders like Crazy Legs Curtis, Doug Smylie, Ted Toogood and Billy Bass and aided by the perfect ball faking of Al Dekerebrun had Varsity Stadium customers a bit bug-eyed. The departure of Bob Heck, a fine end, on a call-up to the U.S. Marines and injury to Buffalo Bill Buckets Hirsch, their tremendous centre, gave pause to this runaway business and led to such confusion at the three-quarter pole that for the first time in memory the Big Four was threatened (or blessed) with a four-way tie for the lead.

Much of this was caused, too, by the mid-season revival of Montreal Alouettes who appeared capable for a time of a folding act which might have equaled that of Calgary. Serious injuries, careless shopping and early indifference of some of the Grey Cup champions, however, suddenly gave way to flaming desire. Filchock's recovery, the development of useful Rod Pantages (a coming Bummer Stirling) into a fine boomer, improvement in young linemen and—most of all—a welcome fade-out by the Injury Jinx—started them back on the championship trail.

Hamilton Tiger-Cats, an amalgamation of the two Steel Town clubs, went out after the "old pros" in much the same fashion as Winnipeg. To four huskies from the defunct Buffalo Bills they added Special Delivery Jones, burly plunger, passer and placement kicker from the Cleveland Browns; Stan Heath, another former All-America quarterback, and Bill Gregus, a Wake Forest fullback who was not with the National League only because he was due for a draft call. The Tabbies had some good filler-in material locally but were still so short of reserve power that they often ran into acute mileage trouble when the ball

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carriers and blockers on some of their touchdown drives found themselves too exhausted for tackling chores.

Having no time for soft music, however, let us on with the All-Star choices, as we guessed at them after seeing each team play or learned about them from good football men across the Dominion.

Unfortunately, times being what they are, it is an All Canadian without any native sons included. But cheer up. Hard competition makes good men and such as Westlake, Simon, Wooley, Simpson, Newman, Black, Ambrose, MacDonell, McDonald, and dozens more are on their way up in the cleat marks of the Dunlaps, Morrises, Quandamattoes MacKenzies, Ascotts, Toohys, Copelands, Krols, Bells and our other good ones.

Centre—John Brown of Winnipeg Blue Bombers. A six foot three, wide-shouldered fast-moving colored gent, he became the most popular player in Winnipeg this year after a deadline arrival from Los Angeles Dons. Backs up a line well, either at the centre slot or wide secondary. Good blocker and foxy in a football way. Snaps a long ball when needed on kick formation, excellent downfield tackler. His height and paper-hanger arms help to make him a pass interceptor. Almost every club had a strong upside-downner this year and Hirsch of Argos, a terrific, rushing tackler, might have been the choice had his knee not given way. So John Brown's body will do to anchor our line.

Some Marvels No Mental Giants

Middles? Insides? Or do you call 'em tackles and guards? Most of us would be smart to refer to the football infantry just as linemen. With the eight-man line being used at times, mixed with the 5-4, 6-3 or even 4-4, all the heftyes have to be adaptable whether standing at inside wing or tackle territory on the face-off. Our foursome could meet those requirements so we give you the veteran Herb Trawick and the rookie Ray Cicia of Montreal, line coach Ralph Sazio of Hamilton and another huge refugee from Los Angeles Dons, Buddy Tinsley of Winnipeg.

Trawick, going into his fifth Canadian season and thus not classed as an import, started slowly like the other Als and then began to play inspired ball. The gentlemanly Negro with the tremendously wide shoulders (5.10—250 lbs.) is still one of the fastest linemen in the game, a great blocker, desperate charger on opposing kick formations and a remarkable tackler.

Ray Cicia is listed as 5.10 in height and 217 on the beam. That probably gives him his best in high heels although he spends so much time cutting opponents off at the knees with blocks or submarining into the opposite backfield that you get the impression he is partly underground. This Gus Sonnenberg type at 22 is out of Wake Forest and his undismayed play in the early games held Alouettes together.

Ralph Sazio is 28, 6 ft. 1, 230 lbs. He won years of hard experience with Brooklyn Dodgers and his piling up of plunges and quick charge makes him defensively great. His hard blocking had much to do with the ground gaining of the Hamilton line smashers. He was the keyman on one of the best lines in the country.

Buddy Tinsley, one of the largest linemen in the land and still fast afoot, seemed to be a born leader with Winnipeg. When Bomber Coaches Frank Larson and Sol Kampf were trying to break in reserves it was the hard-hitting Texan, weighing 260, who steadied the lads. Like Sazio, he was the anchor of a strong first string.

The outside wings are the most debatable positions on this year's all-star outfit but our selections are those two Buffalo Bills alumni, Vince Mazza of Hamilton and Bill Stanton of Ottawa.

Stanton, who went to the Bills from North Carolina State, is six feet two and weighs 215. He's fast in that deceptive way of rangy, strong men and besides taking a turn at end he played secondary for the Riders and also took a turn at fullback. He went well at all positions. Mazza, who went to Hamilton with a fine reputation as a defensive end, turned out to be a 60-minute man with the Tigers and quite a pass catcher in addition to his advertising accomplishments.

And now for the backfielders. Every club in the country's Big Eight had an expert ball handler at quarterback—mechanical marvels although sometimes mentally static. Indian Jack Jacobs, the Filchock of the West, had, like Frankie, the long hard National League experience (Green Bay) that enabled him to improvise and adapt himself to our game so that he often turned the T-formation into many other perplexing patterns against the defense. Ability to pass on the run gave his receivers a chance to cope with his bullet throws and his kicking was the best in Canada. A tall lean very hard individual, well-to-do in business, the crafty Creek is a football fanatic, plays almost viciously and drives his team bitterly. A great competitor, he can tackle and run and is a genius at defensive calls. All this and Filchock's injuries give him the call at the pivot position.

Fullback Bill Gregus, the Wake Forest galloper, gained acres for Hamilton with his terrific thrusts at the line followed by a good side-stepping and drive that churned out extra yards after he seemed stopped. Al Bodine of Regina and others were not far behind in plunge power but Gregus was the best of the heavies on defense although none of them is as good in this department as such line backer-uppers as Golab and Isbister in their prime.

Off-tackle back—Virgil Wagner, the honest Alouette, wins this post. This popular and dead game 180-pound six-footer with the bursts of sudden speed started as badly as the other Montrealers but rallied quickly to his good tackling, alert pass defending best, with his forte still being the thrust through middle and outside.

Speed back—Tom Casey, the colored flash from U. S. college football, took his wonderful open field running from Hamilton, where he played last year, to Winnipeg.

Remarkably durable, he had his share of injuries like everyone else this year but was excellent on pass defense (the most difficult of all backfield trades), a brilliant pass receiver and a good punter and team man. Ken Charlton, Howie Turner, Crazy Legs Curtis (who is one year away from being a real sensation) also were standouts but Casey outsteamed them all. Another fleet Negro, Bill Bass, who lasted three quarters of the season on offense and defense for Argos and tried to keep going with a slightly broken back, is our choice for the wide secondary chores. Good from scrimmage on sweeps or bursts, he lacks some of the beef of the typical second defenseman but is probably the best diving tackler, a fine pass interceptor and blocker. He had pro experience with Chicago.

So there it is. Not as well balanced a band as some of the past but powerful from scrimmage and on a 5-3-4 with Bass, Brown and Gregus as the three and Jacobs and Casey flanking the four they would be rough enough and in places perhaps a trifle too boisterous. ★

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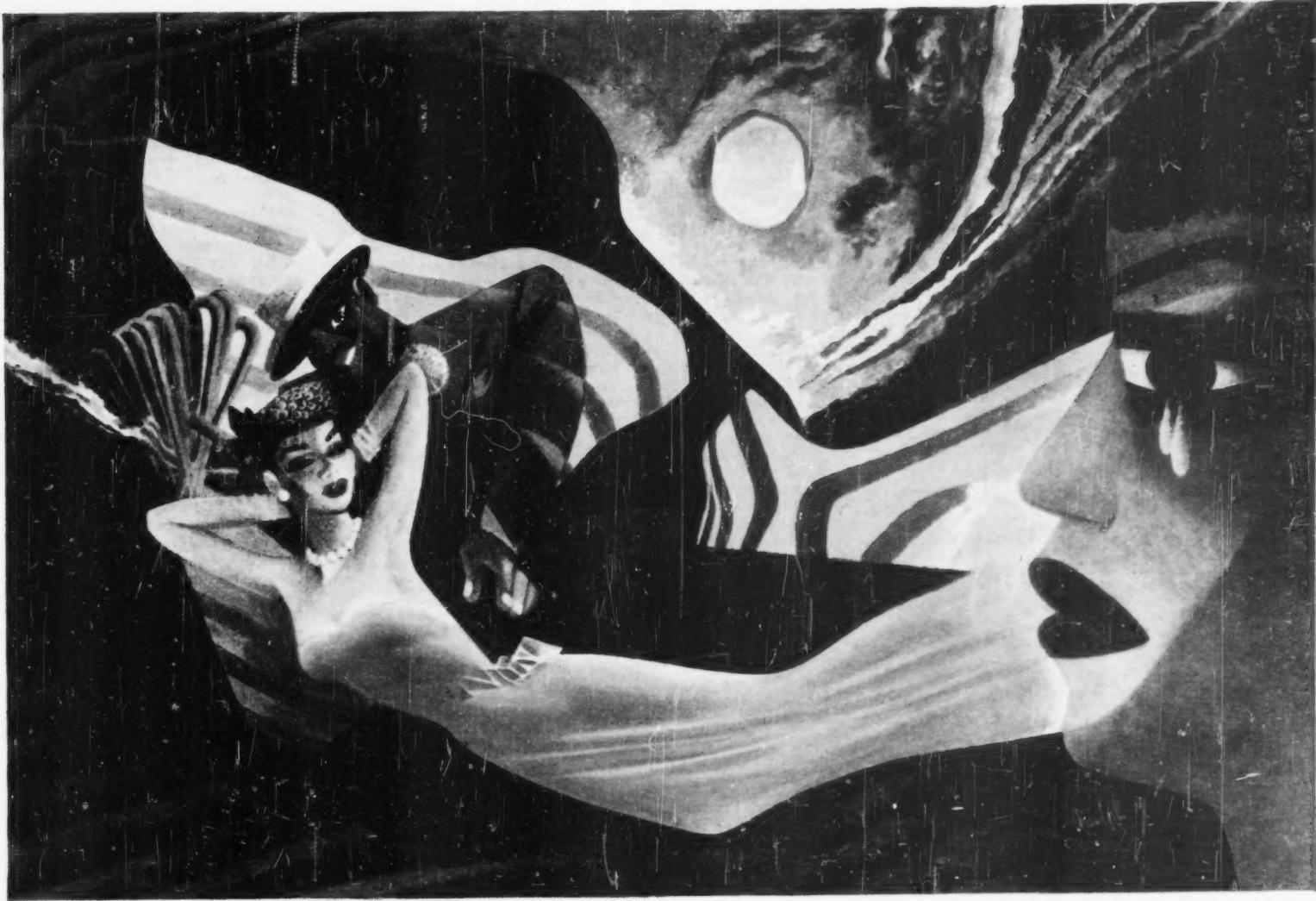
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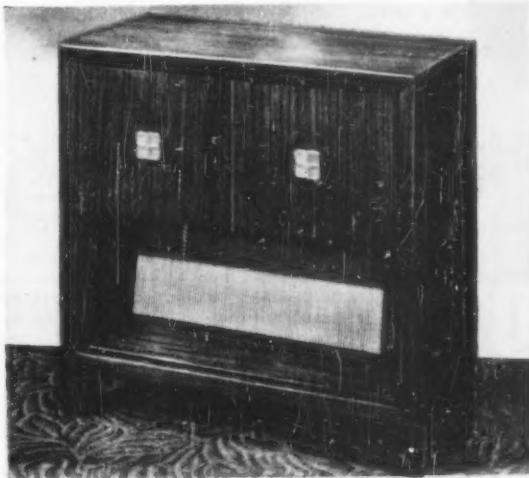
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Centre—John Brown of Winnipeg Blue Bombers. A six foot three, wide-shouldered fast-moving colored gent, he became the most popular player in Winnipeg this year after a deadline arrival from Los Angeles Dons. Backs up a line well, either at the centre slot or wide secondary. Good blocker and foxy in a football way. Snaps a long ball when needed on kick formation, excellent downfield tackler. His height and paper-hanger arms help to make him a pass interceptor. Almost every club had a strong upside-downner this year and Hirsch of Argos, a terrific, rushing tackler, might have been the choice had his knee not given way. So John Brown's body will do to anchor our line.

Some Marvels No Mental Giants

Middles? Insides? Or do you call 'em tackles and guards? Most of us would be smart to refer to the football infantry just as linemen. With the eight-man line being used at times, mixed with the 5-4, 6-3 or even 4-4, all the hefty have to be adaptable whether standing at inside wing or tackle territory on the face-off. Our foursome could meet those requirements so we give you the veteran Herb Trawick and

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The outside wings are the most debatable positions on this year's all-star outfit but our selections are those two Buffalo Bills alumni, Vince Mazza of Hamilton and Bill Stanton of Ottawa.

Stanton, who went to the Bills from North Carolina State, is six feet two and weighs 215. He's fast in that deceptive way of rangy, strong men and besides taking a turn at end he played secondary for the Riders and also took a turn at fullback. He went well at all positions. Mazza, who went to Hamilton with a fine reputation as a defensive end, turned out to be a 60-minute man with the Tigers and quite a pass catcher in addition to his advertised accomplishments.

And now for the backfielders. Every club in the country's Big Eight had an expert ball handler at quarterback—mechanical marvels although sometimes mentally static. Indian Jack Jacobs, the Filchock of the West, had, like Frankie, the long hard National League experience (Green Bay) that enabled him to improvise and adapt himself to our game so that he often turned the T-formation into many other perplexing patterns against the defense. Ability to pass on the run gave his receivers a chance to cope with his bullet throws and his kicking was the best in Canada. A tall lean very hard individual, well-to-do in business, the crafty Creek is a football fanatic, plays almost viciously and drives his team bitterly. A great competitor, he can tackle and run and is a genius at defensive calls. All this and Filchock's injuries give him the call at the pivot position.

Fullback Bill Gregus, the Wake Forest galloper, gained acres for Hamilton with his terrific thrusts at the line followed by a good side-stepping and drive that churned out extra yards after he seemed stopped. Al Bodine of Regina and others were not far behind in plunge power but Gregus was the best of the heavies on defense although none of them is as good in this depart-

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CANADA



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St. Louis woman wid her diamond rings
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'Twant for powder an' for store bought hair
De man I love would not gone nowhere*

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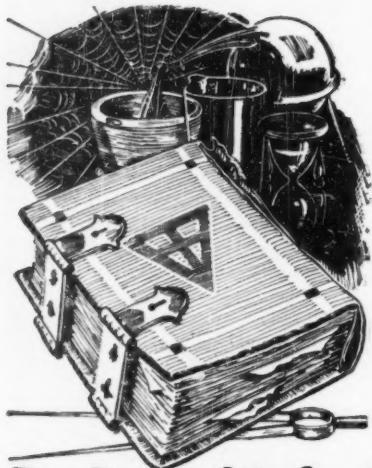
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The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

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Known to be Dangerous

Continued from page 13

He is known to be dangerous."

Joe was already out of his side of the car, headed for the corner a few steps away. Marty joined him, and said, "Hell! Joe, you couldn't have got that good a look."

Ferguson shrugged. "I'm probably wrong."

"What'd he be doing in this part of town?"

"That's what I'd like to know." Joe's voice took on the faintest note of authority. "Keep behind me and to the side. Have your gun and flashlight handy, just in case."

They rounded the corner. The sidewalk was deserted. Nothing to be seen but fog and gleaming pavement and lights that shone without radiance. The warehouses on the long block were dilapidated at best, some of them decaying.

"He's on the block somewhere," said Joe, "unless he went up a driveway and over a wall. There's a deserted warehouse just about where we passed him. I got a hunch we'll find him there."

Marty wasn't too enthusiastic. He said, "Why don't we call in for help, Joe?"

"For a routine shakedown? The guy turns out to be okay—or else we don't find him: Would we look silly!"

They kept their eyes on the doorways along the street. They were all closed tight until they reached the abandoned warehouse Ferguson originally had designated. The door of that one was ajar. "He's got to be in there," stated Ferguson. "Didn't have time to get to the corner, even running. I'm going in. Give me a half minute, then follow."

He pushed open the door just wide enough to admit his slim, wiry body, then vanished into the blackness. The door hinges creaked. Marty noticed that just before Joe went in he'd drawn his gun, the regulation .38 Police Special. He'd pulled back the hammer. His flashlight was in his left hand.

MARTY was alone in the street. No traffic now. Nothing. For no reason he could understand, Marty was afraid. He'd been afraid before: Who hadn't? But he'd always managed to do what he was supposed to do.

He remembered the warning on the back of the mug shot of Gus Ackerman: "Approach this suspect with caution. He is known to be dangerous." That sounded bad. And even if this wasn't Ackerman, even if Joe had been wrong, the man they were hunting was no lily. A citizen who was clean would have continued walking down the street. He wouldn't have ducked into hiding just because he saw a couple of cops in a radio patrol car.

Marty thought he saw a beam of light inside the warehouse. It disappeared almost the instant he saw it. Then, close together, came two shots. The interior of the ancient building gave off weird echoes. He thought he heard Joe calling him. Standing with gun and flashlight in hand, Marty hesitated.

Then his police training compelled him to move, to fight down the unreasoning panic. He drew a deep breath and stepped quickly inside the gloomy warehouse, jumping to his right and flattening himself against the wall. He heard nothing, saw nothing. He was breathing with difficulty and his legs felt like jelly.

He grew rigid as he heard a groan and then the voice of his partner. "Marty . . . ?"

"That you, Joe?"
"Yeh. I'm hit."

Marty tiptoed toward the voice. "Bad?" he asked.

"Dunno. Feel like I might pass out." There was a long silence—or what seemed like a long silence—and then Joe said, with an effort, "My flash caught him, Marty. It's Ackerman, all right. He ran up those stairs."

Marty poked his tongue between his lips, trying to moisten them. He said, "I better get you out of here, Joe . . ."

"For what?"

"I'll take you to the car. Radio in for help."

"And let Ackerman get away? Like hell you will." Joe's voice was noticeably weaker. "No exit . . . except that front door. Side door barred. No way down from upstairs except the way . . . he went. We leave here, he gets away. Big stuff, Marty. Go get him."

As simple as that. Go get him! Walk up a flight of steps to an unknown second floor to capture an armed man

Car 11 to Communications . . . Come in. Emergency."

Communications answered. Marty said, "Help needed . . ." He gave their location. "Armed suspect trapped. Officer Ferguson shot. Send ambulance."

From City Hall the call went out. "Officer shot. Help needed. All cars proceed to . . . Code three."

Within a radius of miles police cars and motorcycles picked up the call: radio cars, detective cars. "Officer shot . . . help needed . . ." Within a few seconds Marty could hear the welcome wail of the first siren. Then more and more and more.

THEY poured into the street from both directions. They found Marty Wilson standing in front of the warehouse, gun and flashlight still in hand. He told a sergeant briefly what had happened. A half dozen men raced in, Marty with them. He wasn't alone now, and so most of his panic had vanished. He knew, too, that one reason he went bravely in was because there was nothing else he could do.

While others dashed up the stairway, ready and eager to shoot it out with Gus Ackerman, Marty probed with his flashlight. He found Joe Ferguson.

Joe was unconscious. There was a pool of blood on the floor near his left side. Somebody said, "Bad shoulder wound, I think . . ." but that didn't mean a thing. Could be a bullet through the lungs.

A lieutenant showed up, and then an inspector. Men came down from upstairs and reported that the bird had flown. The Inspector asked Marty how about it, and Marty told the story that he wished were true.

"I went up myself," he said, "right after Ferguson was shot. I think now that this guy was downstairs all the time, that he made his getaway when he heard me going up them stairs."

He was wondering at just what moment Joe Ferguson had lost consciousness. Did Joe know that he had chickened out? Did Joe know he'd never gone upstairs? That made all the difference in the world. If Joe Ferguson knew—if Joe Ferguson talked—the least that could happen to him would be ostracism. Dishonorable discharge, maybe.

But nobody questioned Marty's story. It never occurred to any of the policemen present that he hadn't gone upstairs to get the man who had shot his partner.

The ambulance attendants came in. A slim young interne made a quick examination and gave the unconscious Joe a shot of something. They put him on the stretcher and carried him off to General Hospital. Marty climbed into his car and started back to Central to make his report.

A wail was sent out, minute description of Ackerman was broadcast. All Points Bulletins were teletyped, police forces outside the city were alerted.

When Marty went off duty that night he was feeling rotten. He didn't know what had happened to him, or why. Fear had struck suddenly and without warning: he had known then, and he knew now, that it would be impossible for him to have gone up that stairway alone.

He couldn't sleep. He'd doze occasionally, and start re-living the scene in the warehouse. Then he'd get up and sit by the window and smoke cigarette after cigarette. By ten the following morning he was on his way to the hospital.

He dreaded his first meeting with Joe, was afraid of what he would see in Joe's eyes. Of course, there was the hope that Joe didn't know, that he'd

Continued on page 44

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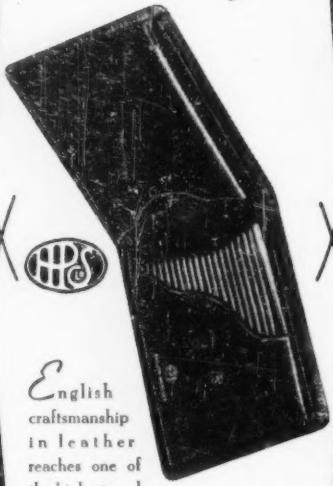
notable, now that they have attained that freedom here.

The Poles, with their innate love of music, have produced such famous musicians as Chopin and Paderewski. Their engineering skill was personified in Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski, who engineered the original International Bridge at Niagara. In addition they have given Canada some of her best lawyers, doctors, farmers and teachers, contributing much to Canada's progress.

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Continued from page 42
been unconscious when Marty was supposed to have been conducting his search of the second floor.

He breathed a deep sigh of relief when they told him that Joe couldn't have visitors: not that day or for several days. Yes, they thought he'd live, they had operated the previous night and extracted the bullet. But the guy was hurt bad. If he pulled through he'd have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that he couldn't come closer to death and still survive.

MARTY went out with a new partner that night, a man named Robinson who was more nearly his own age. Robinson was excited over the affair of the previous night. Marty made his retelling as brief as possible; the enormity of his lie seemed worse every time he put it into words.

Marty went to the hospital every day. On the fifth day they let him see Joe. Ferguson was in a room alone. He looked tired out, his brown eyes too large for his thin face. This was the second hardest thing Marty had ever had to do. He was prepared for anything, and a feeling of guilt walked into the room with him.

He said, "Hi, Joe," watching his partner's eyes for any telltale reaction. Joe tried to smile. He said, "Hiya, kid."

"How you feeling?"
"O. K., I guess."

They looked at each other. Marty couldn't read Joe's eyes or what was behind them. He said awkwardly, "Ackerman got away."

"Yeah, I know."
"I'm sorry."
"Sure, kid; sure."

The nurse came in and signaled that it was time for Marty to leave.

Marty left the hospital knowing less than when he went in. Joe might know everything, or nothing.

Joe Ferguson's convalescence promised to be long and tedious. Marty called on him frequently, making each visit as short as possible, coming away each time more uncertain than ever. And as the days passed, Marty Wilson knew one thing for sure: he knew that he never again wanted to ride radio car with Joe Ferguson. There was too much unfinished business between them now, too much that Marty couldn't talk about, and Joe wouldn't.

Marty put in for a transfer to another division. He didn't care where they sent him, or what they gave him to do when he got there.

He saw Joe only twice, and then briefly. Ferguson was out of the hospital now, then Marty heard he was back on duty. Same old car.

GUS ACKERMAN was still at large. The dragnet they'd put out for him had yielded nothing. He could have made a clean getaway, or he could be holed up somewhere around town. The cops would all be watching for him, but time was playing into Ackerman's hands. Even the best policeman can't keep an edge on all the time.

Marty was feeling better and better, until one day he reported for work and was ordered into the office. The Lieutenant was grinning. He said, "Got a new partner for you, Marty," and Marty turned around to look into the eyes of Joe Ferguson.

Joe was smiling, but only with his lips. He held out his hand and said, "Hiya, Kid," as he always did.

"Heard they transferred you," explained Joe. "So I put in for out here. They said okay, and the Skipper said he'd be glad to shove us in the same car. Just like old times, ain't it?"

They went to roll call, were briefed

on hot cars and special assignments. A half dozen men who had worked with Joe Ferguson in other divisions came up to congratulate him on his recovery, and on again being teamed up with his old partner. Joe took it all in stride, his expression, betraying nothing.

They started patrolling. Beautiful, clear night. Plenty of traffic: lots more than they'd encountered on an average night at Central. Several routine calls: a couple of fights, a prowler that they snagged and brought in, a dead body—suicide, two routine shakedowns of cars that didn't look quite right. They were becoming accustomed to their new call number. It wasn't so easy picking out 66 when you'd taught yourself to jump at the call of 11.

Cars passed them in a steady stream. Marty kept watching Joe out of the corner of his eye, hoping the older man would say something about playing automobile poker. That would have told him a lot.

But Joe didn't say anything about playing poker. Joe was casual, he was polite. He was even friendly. He always greeted Marty cheerfully, "Hiya, kid," when they met at roll call, he did his part on each assignment and took it for granted that Marty would do the same. But the old intimacy was gone, the old lightness.

THHEY hit rain one night, and fog. It was like the night at the warehouse downtown. Marty avoided the customary griping about the weather, and Joe didn't refer to it.

Another night they picked up a couple of punks in a stolen car. Marty pulled out his field wallet and started thumbing through a bunch of mug shots. The picture of Gus Ackerman was there, and it jumped at both of them. Marty felt himself getting hot, and he looked up to find Joe's eyes steadily on him. Neither said anything. Marty was having a bad time of it. He wanted to get away, wanted a change of Division, a change of partners. Anything. But he didn't dare make the move. Joe had followed him. Why? Because he knew, because he didn't know, or because he wasn't sure?

It was on one of Marty's days off that he found himself downtown in search of a movie he hadn't seen and might enjoy. He was standing in front of an exclusive haberdashery shop marveling at the high prices of hand-painted neckties and fancy sports shirts when a man passed him, walking west.

At first Marty didn't notice him. He gave him only a brief glance out of the corner of his eye, as a policeman learns to do. He himself was inconspicuous. He was wearing casual clothes and two belts. The second was his gun belt which held his holster and service revolver.

Six o'clock. Night was falling. Traffic was heavy. The man Marty had noticed so casually made a crossing just as the light turned from green to red. He registered vaguely, and chiefly because he had nothing else to do.

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to do, Marty followed when the light turned in his favor. The other man was more than a half block ahead.

Something clicked. Marty drew a deep breath and felt a tightening throughout his body. Ackerman! The idea was preposterous, yet—on second thought—Marty knew that it could be. He saw his quarry turn into the lobby of a big, expensive hotel. Then it figured.

You could always play a man like Gus Ackerman for smart. He'd know that every crummy hotel in the city would have been given a thorough going-over long since. What better hiding place, then, than a swank hostelry, provided he lived quietly, soberly and peacefully and kept mostly to his room.

Marty stood just outside the big double doors opening from the street into the lobby. He saw the other man get a key from the desk and start for the elevator. He got a good look at him then. It was Ackerman, all right.

This was the payoff. He could put in a single phone call, and he'd get a truckload of help. Then a new thought hit Marty: This was radio district 66. Joe Ferguson was on duty. The first car to reach the scene would bring Joe and his substitute partner.

That, reflected Marty bitterly, would put him and Joe right back where they had started. Gus Ackerman holed up, armed and dangerous. He wasn't thinking of Joe as much as he was thinking of himself right then. He'd rather face Ackerman's gun than to ride around night after night with the inscrutable Ferguson beside him.

He went to the desk and summoned the clerk. He showed his badge and said he was a police officer. He said, "That guy who just went up in the elevator—the last one to get his key from you: What's his room number?"

The clerk hesitated, but only briefly. Then he said, "That was Mr. Watkins. He's in 1002."

"When did he check in here?"

The clerk consulted the records. Mr. Watkins, it seemed, had been a guest of the hotel since about eight days after the shooting of Joe Ferguson.

"What does he do?" asked Marty.
"Has he got a job?"

"I don't know, really. He's been an excellent guest. Doesn't go out much. Plays his radio a lot, but not loud enough to draw complaints from the other guests. Eats a lot of his meals here. Pays his bills promptly."

"Get much mail?"

"Well, no—come to think of it. I don't think he gets any."

The clerk was becoming more interested. "Anything wrong, Officer?"

"Naah. Just want to have a chat with him. I'll go up. Don't let him know he's about to have a visitor."

MARTY stepped into the elevator and asked for the ninth floor. The hallway was deserted. It was long with dark green carpeting and light green walls. The doors were all alike except for their numbers. There was a window at either end of the hall, and in the middle another corridor jutted off at right angles. 1002, reflected Marty, would be a corner room, most probably with two exposures. He tried to visualize the inside of the room. Bathroom would be on the near side, of course, the bed probably backed up against the wall of the hallway. There'd be a dresser against the opposite wall, and perhaps near the west window there would be a desk and a straight chair. An easy chair would logically be placed between the dresser and the desk.

The lighting in the hall was dim but adequate. Not nearly as bad as that warehouse in the fog, but still bad

Continued on page 46

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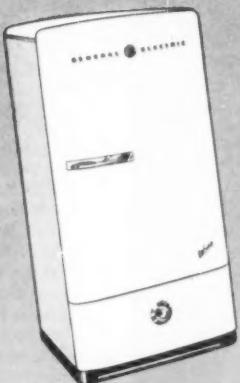
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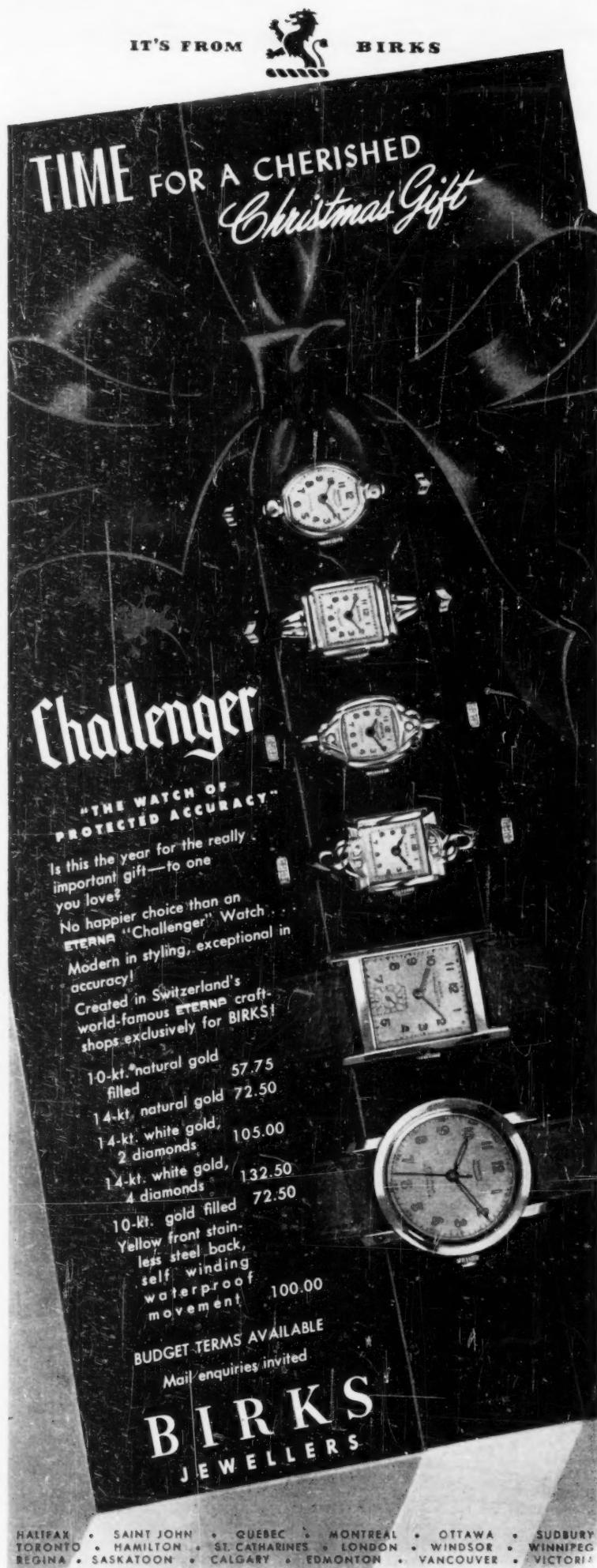
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Continued from page 44
 enough. He again recalled the warning on the mug shot he carried: "Approach this suspect with caution. He is armed, and known to be dangerous." Well, that was something Marty knew from bitter experience. He didn't need to be reminded of it. He paused long enough to consider what his next move should be. He could rap on the door and say he was a bellboy. If Ackerman hadn't sent for a bellboy, he'd be alerted by that ruse. Marty then considered saying it was a telegram, but Gus Ackerman wasn't getting telegrams. And as for simply knocking on the door and saying nothing, that was out.

Marty turned down the angle of the hall, walking away from the corridor on which 1002 was located. He found a maid and showed his badge.

"There's a man in 1002 I want to see. I'm sure he won't let me in. I want you to wait until I get near the door. Then you're to walk up, rattle your key ring, put the passkey in the lock and rap. When he asks who it is, say you're the maid—and this is important—be unlocking the door at the same time. As soon as you've got it unlocked, open it a few inches . . . then duck."

The maid's eyes were popping. "You're not fixin' to have any bad trouble, are you?"

"Of course not. I'm trying to avoid it."

Convinced against her will, obeying only because she stood in awe of a policeman, the maid walked with him to the turn in the hallway, and down to the end where Ackerman's room was located. Marty motioned for her to slow up a bit while he preceded her. He took up his post near the hall window, and, with his back still to the maid, pulled out his gun and checked it. He pulled back the hammer and held the weapon down against his leg.

He nodded to the maid. She hadn't missed the byplay with the gun, and was terrified. Marty made an imperative gesture. She rattled her keys, inserted one in the lock and tapped on the door. A hoarse masculine voice came from inside: "Who's that?"

"Th-the-th maid, sir." Her voice sounded frightened and unnatural.

"I didn't send for no maid!"

She didn't need Marty's gesture of dismissal. She took off down the hall, and kept going.

The hoarse voice came again from inside the room: "What goes on here?"

Too late now for Marty to call for help. Right or wrong, foolish or not, he'd made this play on his own. "It's the police, Ackerman. Toss your gun into the hall and come out after it with your hands up."

There was a long, tense silence. Then Ackerman said, "You want me, Copper—come get me."

Fear crawled over Marty Wilson once again. He'd been a damned fool. Well, he didn't have to keep on being one. He could back all the way down the hall with gun ready in case Ackerman changed his mind, he could ring for the elevator and tell the operator to call police. Then all he'd have to do would be to wait.

But something kept Marty Wilson rooted to his post. It wasn't common sense, it wasn't heroism. It was something which had grown in him since he'd been back on radio patrol with Joe Ferguson, something he'd caught in Joe's eyes, something Joe had said without uttering a word.

Joe Ferguson! He suddenly had become more important than Marty would have believed any man—other than himself—could be.

He heard footsteps coming up the fire stairs. The fire door was down the other end of the hall, a long way

off from 1002. He saw it open, and two men in blue uniforms stepped into the hall.

One of the men he knew only by sight. The other was Joe Ferguson.

It didn't require more than a split-second for Marty to figure what had happened. Chances were that when he'd flashed his badge downstairs, the clerk had become suspicious. He'd probably telephoned the station to report that a man in civilian clothes had shown a police badge and gone upstairs after a hotel guest. That would call for investigation, and of course the first pair of cops on the scene would be the men working car 66.

Marty saw Ferguson and his partner draw their guns. Plenty of help now—he'd have welcomed if one of the men hadn't been Ferguson. He couldn't pass the buck to Joe again.

He raised his gun and tensed himself. He heard Ferguson's voice, "Hold it, Marty!" But he didn't hold it.

Marty gambled. He kicked the door open and jumped into 1002. He turned his gun toward the wall where he figured Ackerman would logically be standing, and squeezed the trigger. Ackerman fired too.

Marty fired again, this time at a definite target. But Ackerman didn't shoot a second time. Marty saw the figure of the other man slumping toward the floor. He'd been standing just where Marty figured he'd be.

Joe Ferguson and his partner burst into the room. They were on Ackerman, pinioning his arms, kicking his gun out of reach, frisking him for a second weapon.

Marty stood motionless. The air of the room was pungent with the sharp odor of cordite. Marty seemed to be out of it, more a spectator than a participant. He felt no definite emotion: no triumph, no fear, no exaltation.

He heard noises in the hall: doors opening and closing, a babble of voices, the sound of the elevator, feet pounding. A half dozen more cops hit the room. He heard Joe's voice, as though from a great distance:

"It's Ackerman, all right. Marty Wilson got him, alone."

He said it matter-of-factly, as though what Marty had done was the most natural thing in the world.

A tall, rangy detective suggested that Marty ride back to the station with him to make out a report. They rode downstairs together. Joe wasn't anywhere around. Later, he got to the station just as Marty was leaving. They nodded to each other, and Marty went home. He stretched out on the bed, not expecting to sleep—and the next thing he knew it was nine o'clock.

He put on his uniform at home, and walked to the station. The boys grinned at him. Joe Ferguson was there, and he said cheerily, "Hiya, kid!"

A half hour later they climbed into their car. Marty took the wheel, and Joe started checking the hot sheet. The radio on the dashboard was busy: usual police chatter. There didn't seem to be anything for 66.

After a long time Joe Ferguson said, "That was a damfool thing you done, Marty."

Marty looked straight ahead. Then he said, quietly, "I had to, Joe."

He drove silently, keeping his eyes glued to traffic. No calls for 66. Just routine stuff.

Joe said, "Next two cars, Marty. Okay?"

"Okay."

A sedan zipped past them. Joe said, "Two pair: eights over sixes."

"Not good enough," answered Marty. Another car passed. "Told you," he said triumphantly: "Three sevens." ★

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Those Friendly Bears

Continued from page 23

for a rest and turned around. He had been talking for half a mile to a bear. His pal was nowhere in sight. When the fisherman turned around the bear headed pell-mell for Hudson Bay. Of the two of them, the bear got the biggest fright.

When bears get tame enough and bold enough to raid camps and summer cottages they are the curse of the northwoods. When a bear smells food, and he can smell it half a mile, only fear of man will keep him away from it. When he loses this ancestral fear, as so many bears now have, nothing can protect your grub box. A bearproof cabin hasn't been built: a 300-pound bear will rip the siding off a cottage and make his own doorway.

Electricity Just Tickles Him

A meat-house of one Northern Ontario bush camp near Espanola was torn apart and plundered three times by bears in the fall of 1949. Each time it was rebuilt stronger than before, and each time the bears broke in. Finally it was surrounded by an electric fence. Bears tore the fence down too. Finally permission was obtained to shoot the bears.

A single bear once carried an ice box from a cabin porch at Pancake Bay, near Sault Ste. Marie, opened it with a swipe of a paw and ate: five T-bone steaks, two pounds of butter, two dozen eggs (shells and all), most of a 19-pound ham, six quarts of milk, two tins of fruit juice and a bottle of beer.

Resort owners and cottagers have tried everything except atom bombs to keep bears from joining their summer parties. Cottagers in Algonquin Park have strung up rods of electric fencing. Bear fur is so thick that the hot wires merely tickle him. In Yellowstone Park strangers decided that cayenne pepper ought to turn the trick. They sprinkled it thickly on slices of meat where raiding bears were a nuisance. But the bears gulped the peppered meat, sneezed a bit, gulped

another piece, another sneeze—then they stopped sneezing but kept right on gulping. The pepper was tasty seasoning.

Next they tried frightening the bears with tear-gas shells. A ranger approached within 12 feet of a bothersome bear and gave him a tear-gas blast full in the face. The bear galloped off about 50 feet, stopped and turned around to see what had hit him. He wasn't even blinking. The ranger, meanwhile, was blinded for 10 minutes by the blast of his own gun. It worked no better on other bears.

In Algonquin Park the Ontario Government has forced some larger resorts to install garbage incinerators. Bears that become too bold and make nuisances of themselves are sometimes shot. Superintendent George Phillips is urging cottagers to build concrete cupboards or root cellars outside their cabins to store food where bears cannot damage anything trying to reach it.

"We're trying to keep the bears wild," says Phillips. "It's best for us and for them too, but they're not very co-operative."

One guide up Armstrong way, north of Lake Nipigon, agrees that bears can be too friendly. He had a city angler with him on a fishing trip recently. Both had crawled into sleeping bags inside their tent for the night when the angler remembered he had left his camera outside. He went out to bring it in. While outside he heard a fish jumping in the lake and pushed off in the canoe to make a few casts.

A Bear in the Next Bed

The guide, half asleep, heard pots and pans clattering outside and thought his companion was looking for the camera. Then he was dimly conscious of someone entering the tent and lying down beside him. He was awakened by explosive snoring. He reached across and gave his tent mate a stiff poke in the ribs. His fist buried itself in wiry fur.

There was a startled "woof" and a bear took off for the timber with the tent and a couple of tent poles draped over its shoulders. ★

TIME OUT OF MIND

It's one o'clock in Vladivostock,
Eight-thirty in old Darjeeling;
Yet hereabouts
Are serious doubts —
The clocks have got me reeling.

It's ten-o-four by the jewelry store,
But there's rivalry aplenty.
The Town Tall tower
Proclaims the hour
As seven — since 1920.

My grateful thanks to assorted banks
For their coy approximation.
I'll check once more
On their average score
As soon as I reach the station.

Oh, public clocks, alight with neon,
Aloft on pillar and steeple,
Isn't there something you might agree on
Besides bedeviling people?

—P. J. Blackwell

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Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 21

were landing. Over the thud of his punches I heard the crowd roaring behind me the way a fight crowd always roars in a moment of climax. Finally I half knocked and half shoved him away with a left and when he stepped back I had a little room to move around.

Corbett had one bad habit. Pop and I had both noticed it the night we watched him win the title from Jackie Fields . . . When he hit to the body with his left he dropped his right a little. So when Corbett came in again I kept my hands high, showing him my ribs. As he brought the left in, his right came down and a piece of his jaw was suddenly open above the right glove, less than a foot from my left hand.

I was rolling toward him, ready to throw the left or hold it, depending on whether or not I saw a target. I let it go.

It was a good punch, one I'd been working on for nearly 15 years. Its arc started upward but at the last instant I turned my elbow and the first corkscrewed and came in slightly downward. Corbett fell like a hinge on a spring.

His pants hit the floor first. Then his shoulders thumped back and he rolled over on his side.

I backed into a neutral corner for the count. Corbett was on one knee at four, blinking and shaking his head and he shoved himself to his feet at nine. I rushed out of the corner, feinted with a right and hit him another hard left on the jaw. He went down again, near the ropes. He grabbed the lower rope and dragged himself to his feet one strand at a time. He threw one arm over the top strand and turned his back to me.

As I moved past George Blake, the referee, I said: "You'd better stop it, Mr. Blake." Blake shook his head. I spun Corbett away from the ropes with another left and hit him two more lefts on the head. He went down again. This time Blake didn't count.

It was over in two minutes, 37 seconds—the shortest championship fight in the history of the welterweight division.

Two Champs, One Ring

My father had come down from Vancouver to see me fight as a professional for the first time. My mother came to Los Angeles a couple of days after the fight. "You're a fine boxer, James," she said. My mother had never seen a fight and she didn't know a left hook from a ringpost, but to me that was still the last word in critical acclaim. It was just a little more than nine years earlier—less than a month after my 16th birthday—that I'd packed my second shirt and my second and third pairs of socks and told her I was going away to be a fighter.

She couldn't have been more horrified and worried if I'd told her I was going away to rob a bank or cross Niagara Falls in a barrel.

But in spite of her disapproval of boxing and her distrust of every boxer in the world but me, she'd sent me a wire wishing me good luck before every fight. Whether she knew what she was talking about or not, those five words—"You're a fine boxer, James"—and the pride and happiness she took in saying them meant more to me than a million words of clippings.

I laid off for a year and then defended my title against Barney Ross. Ross had won the lightweight championship

a year before and decided to step up into the 147-pound class and try to take over the welterweight championship too. This was an unusual situation in itself—two reigning world champions in the same ring.

Barney and I drew a crowd of 65,000 and a gate of roughly \$200,000 to Madison Square Garden's new Long Island Bowl on May 28, 1934, and my end was \$66,000.

Barney won a split decision in 15 rounds and became the first man in history to hold the lightweight and welterweight championships at the same time. Six months later I took the welter title back from him in much the same way that he had taken it from me—on a split decision after 15 long and wearing but pretty lively rounds.

I was as eager to get it settled once and for all as Barney was and I gladly signed for a third and rubber bout on May 28, 1935—a year to the day after our first fight.

This time the decision was unanimous—for Ross.

I must say I disagreed. I disagreed then and I disagree now. Barney Ross was a good boxer and he was and is a remarkable person. I'm not just trying to say the right thing when I say that if I had to lose my title I'd do so soon have lost to Barney Ross as to anybody else. But even if it's the wrong thing to say, I'm saying he didn't beat me in that third fight of ours. I've done all the fighting I want to do and I don't think there's any special Valhalla to which old fighters go when they die. But if there is Valhalla, and they've got boxing gloves there, there's one more fight I'd like to have. Barney Ross will be in the other corner. I hope he'll be right at his best and if I don't win, I'll cheerfully take the first elevator down.

Almost Sorry For Tony

I didn't fight again for a year. I don't know why it is that a guy who is supposedly smart—or anyway supposedly smart enough to make two and two add up to four—will keep trying to make two and two add up to five. By now I knew that long layoffs were bad for me. In my 13 years of professional boxing I fought four times after a layoff of seven months or more. I lost every one of those four fights. Almost as many as I lost during all my other fights put together.

This next one was against Tony Canzoneri. In the intervening year Ross had grown too big to defend the lightweight title and Canzoneri had won it in an elimination tournament. Although we weren't fighting for Tony's title, I felt I had more riding on this fight than in all the Barney Ross fights put together.

A few months earlier I'd gone back to Vancouver and married Lillian Cupitt, my first and only girl, and Lillian was at the ringside in Madison Square Garden to watch me fight for the first and only time. Lillian worried about me almost as much as my mother did and I'd been telling her for 11 years, ever since she was 13 and I was 17, that the only difference between being a boxer and being a taxi driver or an insurance salesman was that the boxer earned his money a lot easier. I didn't believe this myself and don't believe it now, but the night I fought Canzoneri I was hoping to make it look that way to Lillian.

It started out fine. I hit Tony a hard left hook early in the first round. He began to back away and his hands came down and I moved in on top of him and gave him a bad beating around the head. His eyes were swollen and glassy at the end of the round, and he was bleeding heavily from the nose and lips. If I hadn't learned over many

fights to be sorry for ready to I think as I saw He st out for knockout I tried that a well.

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fights that a boxer who starts feeling sorry for the other guy had better get ready to start feeling sorry for himself, I think I'd have been sorry for Tony as I saw him lurch toward his corner.

He still looked wobbly when he came out for the second. I moved in for the knockout and did a very foolish thing. I tried to do a job with a long punch that a short punch would have done as well.

I drove a sledge-hammer left for Tony's open jaw. Tony stepped inside and hit me the right way—with one of those nice, crisp, short little thunderbolts that only a real puncher knows how to throw.

I can't tell you how this punch felt. It's the only punch that ever hit me so hard I didn't feel it.

It wasn't until the next day that I knew I staggered, went to one knee and got up again. The next thing of which I have personal knowledge is not easy to describe. It was less an event than a sensation. I had a vague feeling of far-off pounding and darkness—not particularly unpleasant but baffling—something like coming half awake in a dark Pullman berth and going to sleep again because it's too much effort to remember where you are. I remember too that I was thinking vaguely of Lillian and reminding myself that we were either going to get married or were already married.

No Mistakes Next Time

This is my total recollection of the last half of the second round and of the five rounds after that. Then Pop was leaning over me in the corner. When he told me I was going into the eighth I asked him how many times I'd been on the floor.

"None," Pop said.

"Can I still win?" I asked him.

"If you take the last three," he said.

I got to Tony again in the eighth and won that round. But he fought back in the ninth and we slugged each other to a standstill in the 10th. He won the decision from here to there. As you may have gathered, I never felt precisely like cheering when I lost a fight, but after I read the newspaper accounts of this one, I figured it was something, at least, to be still breathing.

Lillian wanted me to quit right then and there.

"What?" I said, not entirely kidding either, "and have Canzoneri living in our guest room for the rest of our lives?"

I fought Tony again five months later, on Oct. 5, 1936. I couldn't persuade Lillian to come and see this one. But I fought him as well as I knew how, made no more than the normal number of mistakes, and beat him just as thoroughly as he had beaten me.

In the meantime Lou Ambers had succeeded Tony as lightweight champion. I fought Ambers over-the-weight about a month after I beat Canzoneri. I won a unanimous decision.

I was still a month on the right side of my 29th birthday. There was no real reason why I should quit boxing at exactly that point and suddenly it struck me that this was the best of all reasons for quitting. I'd always promised myself that when I started losing I'd quit.

But I began to think of the times I'd thought, either seriously or idly, of quitting before. Once, away back in Los Angeles, when I'd started to grow too fast and gone sour. Once, after a bad beating from Billy Petrolle. Again after losing the second decision to Ross. Again after that first beating I took from Canzoneri. Each of those times I'd wrestled it out with myself and decided that, no—I had to give

them something better than that to remember me by.

There was no sense quitting when I was winning, and to judge from my past performances I had too much pride or bullheadedness to quit when I was losing. It's on precisely this kind of logic that all horse players die broke and that far too many boxers, good ones included, end up hearing noises that other people don't hear.

Work Hard Or Stay Out

Both Pop and I had salted away enough money in annuities to keep us for the rest of our lives. We talked it over. Pop clinched it. His reasoning was a little different from mine, but it came out at the same place. He told me he thought my last two fights had been among the sharpest I'd ever fought and that if I really wanted to fight at least once every six months I could go on without fear of being hurt for another two or three years.

"But there's only two reasons why a man should fight," Pop said. "One's because he likes it, and you stopped liking it a long time ago. The other's for money, and you know you don't need money."

Pop and I went back to California. Since we were earning our livelihood in the United States we'd both taken out citizenship papers around the time of the Corbett fight. We still live there, Pop in a comfortable bachelor apartment in Hollywood and Lillian and I and our three daughters about 20 minutes' drive away in Glendale.

Pop is still in remarkable health and vigor for a man of 77. I don't work quite as hard as I should, maybe, but I've got an interest in a tile factory and an interest in an insurance agency and they keep me from worrying too much about my golf handicap. I'm still a mild fanatic about diet—lots of live foods—and at 42 I feel good enough to lick a horse. But before it got me into the ring the horse would have to post a guarantee of let's say at least a million dollars.

I'm glad I was a boxer now, in something the same way that Steve Brodie must have been glad he jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. It's a wonderful thing to have behind you. But if I ever have a son and he starts talking about going into the ring, I'm afraid the conditions I'll try to lay down for him will be pretty discouraging.

I'll tell him he'll have to start early, maybe when he's 11 or 12 years old, and that he had better be ready to spend at least the next 10 years learning his trade. Not just picking it up as he goes along, the way kids pick up some trades, but spending most of his time at it, learning and practicing the thousands of things he will have to know, so that when he goes into a fight he will know how to protect himself and how to make the other man respect him.

And no matter how hard he works and how much ability he has to start, I'll have to tell him that the odds against him will still be frightening unless he happens to hook up with somebody like Pop Foster. Somebody who knows as much about fighting as Pop does, as much about teaching it as he does; somebody who has the honesty, the loyalty and, when it's needed, the shrewdness to look after a young fighter in the way that all young fighters need looking after if they're going to get what's coming to them in return for the punishment, the self-denial, and the risks they must accept.

Right there, of course, I'll really be saying that my son ought to look around for some other line of business. There just aren't that many Pop Fosters. ★

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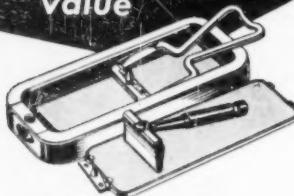


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Double Life of Dr. Barry

Continued from page 24

which was probably in Scotland some time between 1790 and 1794. Nobody knows when or why she first decided on her masquerade. What is certain is that she entered the University of Edinburgh in the early 1800's as a male student, graduated in medicine in 1812, entered the British Army as a man the next year with the rank of hospital assistant, and served continuously as a man until the day of her death in London in 1865. And only then, when the nurses told what they had found when they laid out the scrawny body for burial, did the flabbergasted War Office learn the secret of James Barry, M.D., second most senior officer in the Army Medical Department.

If Barry had been a strapping jut-jawed Grenadier of a woman the deception would have been astonishing enough; but she was just the opposite—small, finicking, and so delicately built that even in old age she had the look of a wrinkled child. At the university the undergrads laughed at her because she wore a long frock coat instead of the customary short jacket, and some of the more observant noticed she always carried her elbows inward like a girl rather than outward like a man. Once a student named Jobson stopped her in a courtyard and insisted he was going to teach her to box; but instead of hitting back she simply stood with her arms crossed over her chest, flinching away from him.

She Had a Lot of Drag

She avoided the roaring beer parties which were the delight of her fellows, lived quietly in lodgings with her mother, and kept to herself whenever she wasn't following the staff surgeons around the wards, carrying their knives and saws and rolled strips of rag bandages on a wooden tray. To make sure she was left alone she cultivated a boorish manner, took offence at the least slight to her waspish dignity, and several times challenged students to a duel on grounds so preposterous they were never for one moment taken seriously.

Yet nobody, then or later, suspected James Barry of being anything more than a conceited and effeminate little man. And although her manner was repellent throughout the whole of her military career, and although she was usually disrespectful and occasionally insubordinate, nothing ever checked her rapid and steady rise in the service.

That, and the fact that she lived in a style which would have been impossible on her pay alone (she always rented a big house wherever she was stationed and kept a carriage and plenty of servants), made her a complete mystery to her brother officers.

Some tried to explain it by saying Barry was an illegitimate son of the Prince Regent, richly provided for and protected by his royal father. Others maintained he was the love-child of a noble lord and a beautiful Highland lassie with flaming hair and the devil's own temper. Neither of these romantic theories was true.

Years after her death a Colonel Rogers, in a letter published in the British medical journal, Lancet, on May 2, 1896, quoted what Sir William Mackinnon, then head of the Army Medical Department, had told him four days earlier: "You are aware, I suppose, that Barry was the daughter of a Scottish baronet, Buchan by name, who married one of the Somerset family. Hence the doctor's great influence at headquarters through Fitzroy-Somerset, Lord Raglan."

It was this influence that got her into the Army in the first place. Lord Raglan, who had no idea his relative was a girl but knew Barry to be painfully modest, had arranged with the president of the Army Medical Board to pass the odd-looking little candidate without any physical examination whatever, provided certificates of fitness from two civilian doctors could be produced. And produced they were, Barry having dazzled a couple of snobbish specialists into declaring her sound and well after merely asking her to stick out her tongue, while she remained fully dressed as a fashionable young man.

With such a sponsor she didn't care how offensively she conducted herself. And she hadn't been long on her first station, the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, in 1815, before she got into what might have been fatal trouble with an officer named Cloete.

At a dinner party in the 1870's Cloete told the story himself. "When I was aide-de-camp to Lord Charles Somerset at the Cape," he said, "a buxom lady called to see him on business of a private nature and they were closeted for some time. Dr. Barry made some disparaging remarks about this. 'Oh, I say, Cloete,' he sneered, 'that's a nice Dutch filly the Governor has got hold of.' 'Retract your vile expression, you infernal little cad,' said I, advancing and pulling his long ugly nose. Barry immediately challenged me and we fought with pistols, fortunately without effect."

This was the only time Barry ever provoked an actual duel, possibly because the men she insulted were willing to swallow a lot from anyone so puny, so absurdly short-tempered, and above all so obviously well-connected. Still, she made enemies half around the world as her duty took her from the Cape to Malta, St. Helena, Jamaica, Barbados, and other British outposts. And if it appeared that some more than ordinarily indulgent officer wanted to be her friend anyway she behaved

with such chilling rudeness that no amount of good will could overcome it.

She had to. Friendship with a man was too risky. There would always have been a chance he would burst into her quarters without knocking and find her naked. And that would have been the last of James Barry.

Bombshell In a Bedroom

Something like that did happen once, in spite of her precautions, one night in Trinidad where she was principal medical officer of the garrison. Early one evening a young assistant surgeon had asked a subaltern he knew to walk with him into Port-au-Prince. Barry was down with fever at the house of a woman friend there and had left strict orders that none of her juniors was to visit her under any circumstances. Nevertheless the assistant was worried and decided to go anyhow.

When the two youngsters got there the doctor went into Barry's bedroom and the subaltern waited outside on the wide verandah, smoking a cheroot. Suddenly the doctor called him to come to the bedroom where he flung back the bedclothes, and said wonderingly, "See—Barry is a woman!"

Barry woke, looked at the bewildered pair for a moment, then begged them in a low voice to swear they would keep her secret. They did. The young doctor died before her and took it to his grave. And in 1881 when the subaltern, then a colonel, told about it over a glass of wine in the mess, he added stiffly: "I have never till now mentioned the subject."

Although Barry dared not have men friends she felt free to know as many women as she liked; and before she had been in the service a year she had begun to get a reputation as a lady-killer. She never missed a garrison ball, always picked the prettiest girls for her partners, and flirted with them outrageously. It made no difference to her whether they were married or single

Continued on page 54

In the Next Issue

It's a Tough Time To be a Kid

Maclean's sent Sidney Katz across Canada to talk to hundreds of teen-agers. Katz, an experienced journalist and trained social worker, returned with the dramatic story of the youth of the nation. Who are the teen-agers? What do they believe? How serious is juvenile delinquency? Is an adult world letting them down by a failure to understand them? These are some of the questions he answers in the teen-agers' own words in this vital series of three articles beginning in



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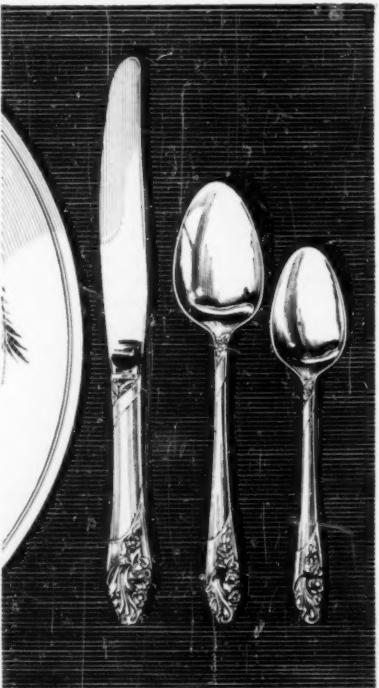


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SILVO-made
especially for silver.

Continued from page 50
and if the wife of a brother officer took her fancy she never tried to hide her admiration.

As a rule the husbands don't seem to have minded, perhaps because Barry didn't strike them as the kind of little man any woman would fall in love with. But when she was stationed in Jamaica the adjutant of the regiment sent her a note saying he would be obliged if Surgeon Major Barry would kindly not make a point of calling on his wife just when he, the adjutant, had to be on duty in the orderly room. And occasionally an anxious father or a matchmaking mamma would demand to know if Barry's intentions toward a shy young daughter were serious. This would immediately force Barry into an impossible position and she would apologize and start flirting with someone else.

Because Barry could afford to pay her own passage when she traveled home to England on leave or from one station to another she saw to it that she was given a private cabin aboard ship. Once, however, she went from St. Thomas to Barbados in a steamer so crowded she had to share her cabin with a notably whiskered Army captain. How she got out of that difficulty the captain described in a letter written long afterward:

"I was in the top berth, she in the lower—of course without any suspicion of her sex on my part. I well remember how in harsh and peevish voice she ordered me out of her cabin, blow high, blow low, while she dressed in the morning. 'Now then, youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress,' she would say."

There was another reason, quite apart from the obvious one, why Barry wouldn't let herself be seen dressing. She was excessively vain of her appearance and didn't want it known that as she grew older and her red hair began to turn grey she spent half an hour or so every few mornings touching it up with dye. Nor, although she was as flat-chested as many a man, could she allow anyone to watch her wrapping her waist and upper body with layer after layer of bath towels so as to give herself a more dashing and soldierly figure—a

practice which accounted for the extraordinary number of towels she used and for the baffled gossip about it that sprang up wherever she went.

Yet for all her conceit and her ridiculous looks Barry was respected for her skill as a doctor. She was mentioned in dispatches for her courage and ability during an outbreak of malignant fever on the island of Corfu when she was stationed there, and regularly praised by her commanding officers in their reports. She was as good a surgeon as she was a physician, and while at Malta did some of the most difficult and successful operations in the history of the garrison hospital.

By the time she came to Montreal in the fall of 1857 to take charge of the Army Medical Department in Canada she was a tired old woman (she couldn't have been less than 62 and may have been nearly 70), worn out by repeated bouts of fever and her long service. Age had mellowed her temper a little and taken the edge off her furious energy, but she was still a hard worker and, with half a century of experience, a better doctor than ever.

She had always stood up for the men in the ranks against officers who didn't think common soldiers rated much consideration and there was now little she wouldn't do to keep them well and happy. In the 1850's British troops in Canada were fed beef seven days a week all year round, whether they were shivering in a blizzard or sweating in a heat wave. This was quite all right with the lieutenant-general commanding but not with Barry, who wrote to him on April 7, 1858, demanding some pork and mutton to vary the diet. The general didn't bother answering her letter.

But when Barry wrote again and again, each time more acid, the general knew he had a medical officer who couldn't be pushed around, and a new set of orders were issued by which Barry got her way.

Her anger at her superior's fat-headed resistance to change made Barry ill and she had to take to her bed in the pillared house she rented at 23 Durocher Street. And since for once she was sick enough to need a doctor it looked as if her secret would come out at last—unless she could get hold of someone as scrupulously

honorable as she.

She served in the subalterns of McGill University, Campbell, several times as a friend as well as never ever. According to legend, she was one of the McGill army truth who sometimes curious and by word.

"Gentleman had not seen General attainments him—that though, because bedroom darkness crucial part shows you too impressed him just.

Superficial initiation studies he Barry went to duty.

By the enough a proper care April 7, 1858, over to him May 14, 1858.

There board while senior to shook hands a bit see her immediate.

For the furnished Street, in part of I.

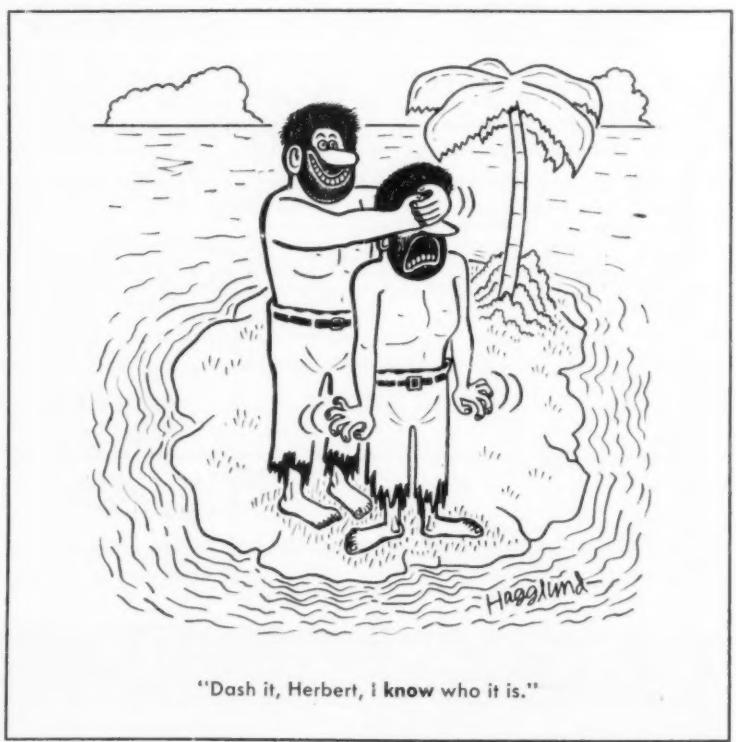
Toward something plant at than usual got into days later bed contest 25 she died came to visit them striking from her was ende

When first reached had served sion of alleged must have general command by three. And that

One service grave wife she decided. The mystery every reported Army. Barry had been a young girl as a kind. Others hopeless.

No one thought that she loved the she could an age when to her seemed determined.

But was amazing that James General almost qualify a whole lot.



"Dash it, Herbert, I know who it is."

honorable as the assistant surgeon and his subaltern friend in Trinidad.

She sent for Dr. G. W. Campbell, a civilian who later became dean of McGill University's medical faculty. Campbell, although he attended her several times and was as much her friend as she ever allowed a man to be, never even suspected her real sex. According to Sir William Osler, who was one of Campbell's students at McGill after Barry had died and the truth was known, Dean Campbell sometimes told his classes about this curious oversight, as a joke on himself and by way of warning.

"Gentlemen," he would say, "if I had not stood in some awe of Inspector-General Barry's rank and medical attainments I would have examined him—that is, her—far more thoroughly. Because I did not, and because his—confound it, *her*—bedroom was always in almost total darkness when I paid my calls, this, ah crucial point escaped me. Which shows you should never let yourself be too impressed by any colleague to treat him just like any other patient."

Superficial though Campbell's examination seems to have been the remedies he prescribed did the trick and Barry was soon well enough to go back to duty.

By the spring of 1859 she had had enough and she applied through the proper channels to be relieved. On April 7, 1859, she was ordered to hand over to her next in command, and on May 14 she sailed for England.

There she went before a medical board whose president, since Barry was senior to him and obviously ill, merely shook hands, said, "Ha, James, feeling a bit seedy, hey?" and recommended her immediate retirement on half-pay.

For the next six years Barry lived in furnished lodgings at 14 Margaret Street, in a good but not fashionable part of London's West End.

Toward the middle of July, 1865, something went wrong with the filtering plant at the waterworks and a more than usually large number of bacteria got into the drinking water. Two days later poor old Barry took to her bed contorted with pain, and on July 25 she died of diarrhea. When the time came to wash and lay her out for burial they stripped the flannel nightgown from her body and the long masquerade was ended.

When the War Office was notified the first reaction to the news that a female had served it for 53 years as a commissioned officer was that the nurses who alleged this monstrous impossibility must have gone mad. But the director-general of the Army Medical Department ordered an autopsy made at once by three of his most competent doctors. And that settled it.

One secret, however, went to Barry's grave with her. Nobody knows why she decided to spend her life as a man. The mystery was discussed for weeks in every regimental mess in the British Army. Some maintained that Barry had been jilted by a nobleman as a young girl and had foisted her sex as a kind of revenge on all men. Others claimed she did it out of a hopeless love for a royal prince.

No one, then or since, seems to have thought that perhaps the little creature loved the idea of doctoring and, since she couldn't practice it as a woman in an age when the profession was closed to her sex, she simply and heroically determined to practice it as a man.

But whatever the reason for this amazing masquerade the fact remains that James Barry, M.D., Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, was almost certainly the first woman to qualify and practice as a doctor in the whole long history of medicine. ★

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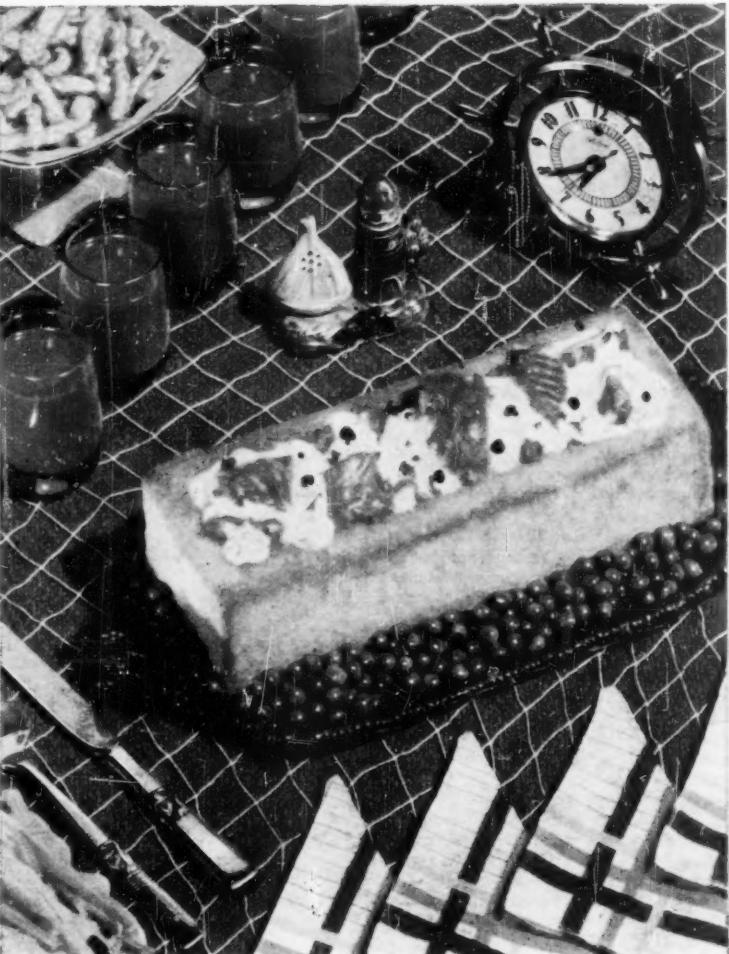
- suggestions

The Salmon Noodle Loaf Ring, illustrated upper left, is just one of a wide variety of ways Canned Salmon helps you beat soaring food costs yet allows you to set appetizing, nutritious meals before a hungry family. Salmon Noodle Loaf Ring is a good example of how Canned Salmon as a "combiner" complements and extends many basic foods to give you good tasting main dishes at a saving.

Dinner party elegance, lower left, comes off to your complete satisfaction with a delicious, eye-filling Salmon mousse. The secret of the popular appeal of this perfect special occasion delicacy is richly delicious Canned Sockeye Salmon. Salads and cold plates made with red Sockeye Salmon, with the icy tang of the sea literally sealed in, is just another way Canned Salmon makes successful meal planning easier.

Salmon Croustade below, is a main dish economy meal that features stick-to-the-ribs goodness and excellent nutritional value. With red Sockeye Salmon, "ways" are easy on budget "means" because Canned Salmon is the perfect extender, hot, cold or in sandwiches. Pound for pound, penny for penny, Canned Salmon is an economical food buy.

THE ASSOCIATED SALMON CANNERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



That Christmas Tie

Continued from page 17

Most women tie buyers confide to the salesmen that their husbands are wearing ties with no personality, no dash. They wish to remedy this situation and start him on the path to fuller, more glorious technicolor. If there really was any brotherhood of man, right there the tie salesman would pull a rope, a mallet would fall on the housewife and she would be carried unconscious to the shirt department.

A tie salesman with a conscience could do much to alleviate this Christmas suffering. He could ask the color and pattern of the man's suits, his height, weight and age. The first item is the most important.

"Most women buy a tie that looks good on the counter," commented a salesman. "They never consider that it also has to look good around somebody's neck."

Even the man's weight must be considered, relative to his height. Ties vary in width as much as two inches. Narrow ties, which usually are imported from Europe, are more becoming to small men; wide American ties suit lankier types. Stout men look better in ties with vertical patterns; slim fellows can fill out their chests with more horizontal sunbursts.

Ties also vary in length; some are 46 inches long and some are 54 inches long. There is a feeling among tall men that the extra length is a concession to their height. Leave them their delusions. The true reason for long ties is the Windsor knot, a way of knotting a tie that requires two to three times as much material in the knot.

Tie salesmen figure that 60% of their ties are actually purchased by women, but that 85% of the purchases are influenced by women. The number of men returning ties their wives have bought doesn't begin to match the men returning ties they have bought themselves and which their wives deplored.

Most men buy three or four ties a year, generally when they spot one they like in a window. A man never buys a tie to pick up his morale, like a woman buys a hat. He has other ways of picking up his morale.

Men also buy ties when they are out of town, on the theory that they can find something exclusive to stun the boys at the office. Since he generally gets one that is pretty much like what he has been wearing it is hard to see the merit in this system.

There is a case on record, with a sworn affidavit from the wife, of a man who owned eight plain maroon ties going to New York and returning home triumphant with a new plain maroon tie.

New York is considered by tie men a conservative tie town. Toronto is the most flamboyant tie city in Canada, with stiff competition from Calgary. Vancouver is ultra-conservative and Montreal is a bow-tie town. Nothing has been said here of bow ties, although they are enjoying a boom. Unless the man is a bow-tie devotee it's wise to stay well away from these.

Finally there is the vital question of price. The \$2 tie, which before World War II was considered the acme of luxurious living, now is a mass selling item. Men's better ties start at \$3.50 and continue grandly to \$20.

For \$20 you get pure silk, a fairly conspicuous label (Countess Mara ties have a CM initial on the front of the tie) and a measure of exclusiveness—until the following season when manufacturers of \$2 ties will steal the design.

There, at last, is something a woman can understand. ★

Backstage in India

Continued from page 4

The effect of this on the U. S. delegation was unfortunate. The Americans had a good group at Lucknow—most of them able, intelligent, likeable men with a lot of experience in the East. Several at least (I think the majority) disagreed with their own country's policy in Asia and came prepared to agree with its critics.

"When I left the States," one American told me afterwards, "I thought I'd find myself on the Indian side. I intended to make the best explanation I could of our China policy, perhaps make them understand some of the reasons for it, but I couldn't really defend it."

But the Indians got the Americans' backs up, right from the first day. Americans found them unbearably sanctimonious and self-righteous. The result was that the Americans recoiled to the defensive and took what to most Asiatics seemed a completely unrealistic stand. To make matters worse, one of their number strongly favored last-ditch support of Chiang Kai-shek, and he turned out to be the most vocal of the lot.

The net effect was regrettable. Neither side put its case in terms intelligible to the other. I learned more about the real grounds for India's position in half an hour, talking to officials in New Delhi, than I'd learned in 10 days in Lucknow.

The tragedy of it was that there are gross misunderstandings here, on both sides, which seem to be increasing by the minute. Even at best our little conference couldn't have reversed this trend. But what little it might have done, whatever weight it did have, went into the wrong side of the scale.

* * *

ONE OF the striking things about India is the companionable way human beings get on with other animal life.

I don't mean just the sacred cows who wander the city sidewalks (I saw one in Calcutta this morning, waiting for the traffic cop's whistle before she ambled sedately across the street). It's more than just the villagers' custom, too, of stabbing their cattle in the bedroom, though most of them still do that. It's all animal life, everywhere. Animals aren't really afraid of people in this country.

Insects the size of hummingbirds zoom in the screenless windows. Pretty little lizards run up and down your hotel room walls in the cool of the morning and evening; where they spend the rest of the day I can't figure out. As I walked down the hotel corridor in New Delhi the other night two gaily colored birds walked across the carpet in front of me; the same morning I interviewed a Health Department officer on Indian vital statistics while a bright blue pigeon flew back and forth over our heads.

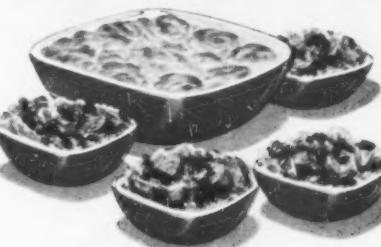
In Pandit Nehru's dining room last Monday evening four people sat through three courses with two servants in the room. A little grey bat swooped around the back of our chairs the whole time and nobody even turned to look at it. On my own part this took a good deal of fortitude.

Our outstanding experience with the dumb friends, though, was in Lucknow. With George Ferguson, of the Toronto Star, and other Canadian delegates I was dozing over tea one afternoon when we heard a noise in the bedroom. We looked in just in time to see a sacred monkey making off with George's shaving lotion.

"Probably tired of the local beer," said George. ★

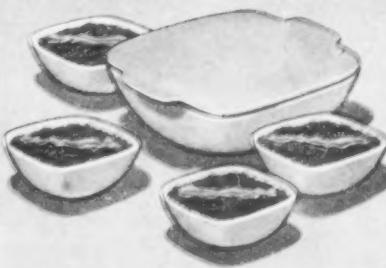
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Death of a Union

Continued from page 19

Trades and Labor Congress. Sullivan, who broke with the party three years ago, was then a member and had been instructed to give me a job.

I worked for a few months on the Montreal docks as a patrolman, equivalent in a shore-side union to a union steward. I worked hard both for the party and for the union. I was appointed a delegate to the 1946 convention of the union in Montreal.

This meeting followed the exact pattern of every C.S.U. meeting I have attended. Since the C.S.U. was founded by the party and has been a party captive throughout its career I believe it's safe to assume the C.S.U. has never held a meeting that followed any other pattern.

Officially, the officers for the next year were elected at a meeting of some 80 C.S.U. delegates and officials. Actually they were appointed at a party caucus held the night before. The only C.S.U. members who attended this preliminary meeting were the 18 or 20 union delegates and officials who were members of the Communist Party. The meeting was run by J. B. Salsberg, a well-known Ontario Communist politician who is a member of the party's Political Bureau and its trade union director.

Salsberg went over the slate of officers in the C.S.U., commenting on the work of each man. Then with the offhand assurance of a baseball manager naming his starting lineup he announced the new slate.

"Sullivan will continue in office as president," he said. "Davis (Harry Davis, now C.S.U. president and the man who 18 months ago dealt the C.S.U. its coup de grâce) will be first vice-president. Cyril Lenton will be treasurer. Gerry McManus will be secretary."

All we keymen, of course, were party members. A few members of the C.S.U. executive—men like Theodore Roy and Eddie Reid—who were not party members but who had not opposed the party in the C.S.U., were approved by Salsberg for re-election.

Party Is Always Right"

The next day, although we were outnumbered nearly four to one by the non-Communist delegates, those who had attended the party caucus got Salsberg's slate through the C.S.U. convention without a casualty. Salsberg naturally didn't attend the meeting for he is not and never has been a member of the C.S.U.

At the next convention—or rather at the party caucus Salsberg called the night before the convention—I was "elected" secretary-treasurer. From then until July of this year I shared with Harry Davis the job of running the C.S.U. to Salsberg's and the party's satisfactions.

In each of the three years from 1946 through 1948 the C.S.U. went on strike. I don't propose to go into the issues or the details. It's not that I wish to hide anything. I simply think the position laid down for the union by the party in each of those strikes was a good position—a fair and reasonable position for a trade union to follow.

Contrary to general belief it was not at the party's instigation that a wave of violence and lawlessness accompanied the 1948 strike on the Great Lakes. Even now—with the advantage of the second guess and freed of the blinding necessity of telling myself over and over again that "the party is always right"—I cannot remember that the party asked me to do anything which a

conscientious trade union leader could not have done.

I see now that the 1948 strike was a tactical mistake. It played straight into the hands of Pat Sullivan, who had quit the party and the C.S.U. to form the rival Canadian Lake Seamen's Union. It strengthened the hand of the large shipowners who had invited the strike by locking out C.S.U. crews. And, although the union still had so much support in the trade union movement that Frank Hall suffered a total defeat in his first attempt to have it read out of the Trades and Labor Congress, even the most easygoing non-Communist labor leaders were beginning to wonder if we weren't getting "strike-happy."

Bruised But Not Beaten

All these points could be argued interminably. The reason I'd rather not argue them here is that I want to make this a statement not of opinion but of fact. The fact is that the party ordered and ran the strike. As secretary-treasurer I reported daily to Joe Salsberg on the progress of the strike and took my orders from him. In the early stages of the strike I moved my headquarters from Montreal to Toronto so that I could be in constant personal contact with Salsberg.

The C.S.U. came out of that 1948 strike badly bruised but by no means beaten. It was the 1949 strike which sealed its doom—completed the dispersal of most of its members to the Seafarers' International Union and brought the C.S.U.'s expulsion from the Trades and Labor Congress.

I want to tell what I know about this strike in some detail for it was the first strike in which even I—still a staunch toe-in-the-party-liner—had difficulty in persuading myself that the party had the nation's interests at heart.

In the fall of 1948 we began negotiating for a new contract with the shipping companies that control Canada's deep-sea merchant fleet. A three-man conciliation board brought down a report in April, 1949. The report suggested concessions on both sides. I personally considered it as good a settlement as we could reasonably hope to get in the prevailing atmosphere. I was in favor of accepting its basic recommendations on wages and working conditions and trying to bargain further on a question involving union hiring halls.

Davis, the president, was in England when the conciliation board brought down its report. I called a meeting of the executive in Montreal and wired Davis to come back right away. The meeting followed the customary blueprint. Joe Salsberg didn't attend the C.S.U. sessions but he took a room in the hotel in which they were being held. The night before the C.S.U. executive met the Communist executive members reported to Salsberg's room.

To Strike the World!

For once Salsberg wasn't prepared to lay down a final directive. That wasn't altogether surprising. Deep-sea sailing is an international activity. A deep-sea strike by the C.S.U. would have ramifications in many countries outside Canada. The Canadian party wasn't anxious to take a stand without having the views of the party in other parts of the world. It was to get those views that Harry Davis left Canada. Salsberg told us to go ahead with the union meeting as scheduled but not to allow any decision to be made until David returned.

We were in session when Davis arrived. He was jubilant. He had attended two major meetings in Europe

— one a meeting of the executive members of the Communist - controlled World Federation of Trade Unions; the other a special meeting of the dock workers' faction of the British Communist Party. He had been assured that if we struck we would get fighting support in virtually every deep-sea port in Europe.

"We can strike the world!" Davis said exultantly.

I got up. "Wait a minute," I said. "What about Canada? If we strike again I don't think we'll get support from any important section of the Canadian trade union movement." Without the support of Canadian labor I felt any support we might get in foreign ports would be meaningless.

We adjourned and took our disagreement to Joe Salsberg. Salsberg asked Tim Buck to come down from Toronto. The next day the Communist members of the C.S.U. executive dumped the question in the lap of the party's top man.

I was still holding out for peace. Davis was very persuasive. He repeated his assurances of support from the party and from party unions all over the world. He said he found in Britain not merely support for a strike but an urgent demand for a strike. Ever since the Labor Party had come to power in Britain, Davis reminded us, British labor had lacked "militant leadership" — in simpler terms, the British Communist Party had difficulty in promoting strikes on

of the Trades and Labor Congress. I went with him.

On the chief issue of hiring halls we began making progress. We worked out a complicated formula that looked satisfactory. Some features of the formula required government assent. McNamara, an able negotiator who will try to work with anybody if he thinks it's in the public interest, agreed to lay it before his superiors. When he came back his face was grave. "It's too late, boys," he said. "The owners have just signed with the Seafarers' International Union."

We broke up. Davis was beside himself with elation. "I told you there had to be a strike," he said. "The strike is on!"

Davis telephoned the Ottawa Press Gallery and announced the C.S.U. was striking. Then he telephoned C.S.U. representatives at the Canadian ports and ordered them to call all men out. He wired the men he had met at the Paris meeting of the World Federation. He had already appointed his brother, Jack Pope (the family's real name is Popovich), a member of the British C.P., as a walking delegate for the C.S.U. in London. He wired Pope to report the situation to the London dock workers.

What happened from then on is a matter of public record. When the CPR ships Beaverbrae and Agramont arrived in London, Pope called the crews out. True to its promise to Davis the dockers' fraction of the British C.P. induced thousands of British dock workers — both Communists and non-Communists — to go on strike as a demonstration against the "black" ships from Canada. Strikes and disorders flared briefly but violently across half the world.

Davis' star soared. He had called the strike without even going through the empty formality of consulting the union executive or asking for a vote from the members. He had not even waited for an official go-ahead from Salsberg and Buck. This could have been an unforgivable offense. In fact it became a triumph when the official journal of the Cominform and Bible of Canadian Communists, Democracy and Lasting Peace, applauded the strike as an example of "international working-class solidarity." But that strike broke the C.S.U.

Today the C.S.U. stands ruined and repudiated in the eyes of everyone except the party. And even the party knows the C.S.U. is dead. But the party does not mourn its corpses.

Labor has made a start in the fight against Communism. But it's only a start. At the level where it really counts, down in the locals, the party is still strong.

During my last few months as a party member one of my assignments was to get signatures for the Stockholm Peace Petition demanding the banning of the atom bomb. One of the locals I worked on is affiliated with the international railway brotherhoods who have spearheaded the fight to kick the Reds out of labor. This local has more than 150 members but not more than eight card-holding Communists. I called in two of the Communist members, gave them copies of the petition and told them the party wanted a 100% response. That's exactly what they got. This, remember, was in a union whose top leaders are implacable anti-Communists.

Buck finally ordered a saw-off. The Canadian National Steamships' Lady Rodney and Lady Nelson were in or bound for Halifax. Buck told us to tie up those two ships, and those two ships only, as a sign to the Government (their owner) that we meant business.

Davis ordered the ships struck and at the same time wrote a letter in the union's name flatly rejecting the conciliation board's report. This was farther than the party had authorized him to go and Buck and Salsberg were plainly worried. They were afraid a strike would hurt the party's position in Canada and they were afraid if there was no strike it would hurt the Canadian party's position abroad. They ordered Davis to go to Ottawa and try to work for a settlement with Arthur McNamara, deputy minister of labor, and Percy Bengough, president

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The Masters at Margate

Continued from page 5

is constantly referred to as a man of destiny, which Aneurin never denies.

He is what one might describe as a professional Socialist and has always dressed to the part. While he knows the difference between a Cliquot 1928 and a Louis Roderer 1932 he has stubbornly refused to wear formal dress at official functions, even those held at Buckingham Palace. Instead he has always turned up in an old homely lounge suit with a soft-collared shirt. In fact, as a man of the people, he is in the great tradition of Dickens' Vincent Crummles, who was so sincere an actor that when he played "Othello" he blacked himself all over.

But at Margate I saw nothing less than a transformation. Bevan had been to his tailor, to say nothing of his hairdresser. Savile Row never turned out anything better than this new blue serge suit. What is more he was wearing a stiff white collar and his white cuffs showed just the proper length for a man about town. Overnight the revolutionary of the boulevards had become the Beau Bevan of the seaside. No wonder that *La Belle Summerskill*, sitting next to him, seemed rather drab and put out. The plumage of the male bird had put her out of countenance.

Herbert Morrison, with his cockatoo hairdo, surveyed the vast throng of delegates with, I am certain, mixed feelings. He has become the great middle-of-the-roader, the wooper of the middle classes, the apostle of the thesis that Capitalism and Socialism can exist side by side.

Beside Morrison, crouched in his seat as if trying to establish an alibi, was Prime Minister Attlee looking as detached as an Orangeman in a Catholic Cathedral. What an enigma of a man! He has no magnetism, no powers of purple oratory, no glamour and no projectability but he is the absolute unchallenged leader of the governing party. Not even Churchill's authority in the Conservative Party is as unquestioned. Behind him was his charming wife, knitting as if she were in her own drawing room at Downing Street.

While I was noting these things Sam Watson, the chairman of the conference, was delivering the opening speech. Sam is a trade union leader, full of common sense, forthright in character and with a healthy sense of fun. The Communist germ has no chance with such a healthy body. Politically, however, he is given to oversimplification, but we shall let that pass.

Whenever there came a touch of humor the great chorus of delegates filled the air with good British laughter. There is sanity in such laughter, and believe me the Labor Party of this country needs all the sanity it can command. In fact, within a few minutes after the end of Watson's opening speech, we began to see the yawning gulf between the realists on the platform and the political bemusement of many of the constituency delegates.

Their opportunity came when the chairman in charge of procedure had to deal with the innumerable constituency resolutions printed on the agenda. The chairman was cutting them down mercilessly like Herod but individual delegates were allowed to come to the microphones and make three-minute speeches in favor or against.

A Lancashire delegate deplored our supporting the Americans in Korea. "The South Koreans have crossed the 38th parallel," he shouted. "Who is the aggressor now?" In fairness I must record that he only got a hearty jeer.

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A woman from Yorkshire accused the Government of letting down the unity of Europe by favoring the Empire. "The Government is becoming a party of Empire flag wavers," she cried. "It is all wrong and I know the party is with me!" There was a deep embarrassed silence and Morrison gazed pensively at the ceiling.

Then the Schuman Plan raised its bloody head. A panting delegate intended to denounce the Government for even thinking of placing the British steel workers under a supernational authority, but his spirit ran away with his tongue and he called it "a supernatural authority." Once more the healing balm of laughter cleared the air, and Aneurin Bevan ran his hand over his brilliantined head without displacing a hair.

They Could Simplify Einstein

But it was in the printed agenda that one really saw what a divergence exists between the constituency associations and the ministers who have become responsible and moderate through the hard experience of office. It might be said that the local associations do not matter and that the real power lies with the Government and the trade union leaders, but it must be remembered that the local association chooses its parliamentary candidate and he is pledged to support the views of his supporters.

It was in the realm of nationalized industries that the outer rim of the party showed its divergence from the centre. The miner cannot understand why the coal he produces from a State-owned mine should have to pay interest on the bonds given to the former owners by the State. To his mind the industry should have been taken out of the owners' hands, and that would be the end of it.

There were other workers, beside the miners, who are deeply anxious about the burden of compensation. Another thing that worries them is that private industries should be allowed to make and distribute profits. A third matter that disturbs their dreams is that a huge sum has to be paid each year to meet the interest charges on the national debt.

Since compensation and profits and interest charges have to come out of production why not make an end of them or, if that is too drastic, reduce or postpone them? Therefore a Birmingham local Socialist sent a resolution that the interest on the national debt should be suspended until the economic condition of the country justified the resumption.

One can see the process of reasoning, even if one cannot applaud it. A party that has been suckled on slogans could simplify the Einstein theory.

The Earnest Reformers

But who are the owners of Government bonds? They include tens of thousands of little people who patriotically put their savings into war loans. By the law of the years they are now held by innumerable widows for whom it is their only source of income.

One does not need the imagination of a poet to visualize the misery and chaos which would follow the announcement that the guaranteed interest would cease for an indefinite period.

And how can you make these earnest reformers understand that Britain's national credit would collapse overnight and that foreign balances would be instantly withdrawn from London?

In the matter of profits in private industry the Bassetlaw Local Association wants a low limit, and asks that anything in excess should be distri-

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buted to the consumers. Again we must admit that the idea is neat and suffers from no confusion. It simply means that shareholders would get nothing in bad times and very little more in good times. The companies would have to take their losses and never be allowed to make them up when business improved.

But perhaps the most sinister, though well-intentioned, resolution came from the Llanelli Association. Here you see good intentions completely at the mercy of confused thinking. This particular association does not believe in confiscation. It wants the Government to play fair in taking over private industries. But it thinks the Government should postpone the payment of compensation until the condition of the nation's finances permits it.

Blackmail and Robbery

On this basis if the Canadian Government decided to take over the CPR it would announce that as soon as the bill was passed through parliament (a process of something like one year) the State would then acquire the railway at a compensation figure to be determined at an unspecified date following the take-over.

What would happen with such an announcement? The CPR bonds and stocks would collapse on the market and the State would be able to acquire them at a figure bearing no relation to the actual value. In fact what these good people of Llanelli want is for His Majesty's Government to use blackmail and robbery as an instrument of government policy. How can you explain to them that if the Government stooped to this the reaction in the Western world would be such that Britain would be forced into a Communist revolution or would be reduced to a standard of living lower than any country in Europe. A nation no more than an individual, can carry on when its credit is gone.

Short Cut to Paradise

So I looked on our masters at Margate and wondered what were the thoughts that passed through the minds of Attlee, Morrison, and even Bevan. Can they pursue a policy of reasonable restraint and basic responsibility if their supporters want the moon and green cheese served on a silver platter?

I left the Winter Garden and walked slowly and pensively to my hotel. What a task for responsible politicians to maintain a government which looks for its strength to decent, honest people whose minds do not grasp even the bare essentials of economic reality. How long can Socialism maintain a sense of responsibility before it is forced into something more violent? I ask that question not as a party politician but as an observer who recognizes that behind all this mental confusion there is no individual greed or lust of power, but a feeling that there must be a short cut to paradise on earth. *



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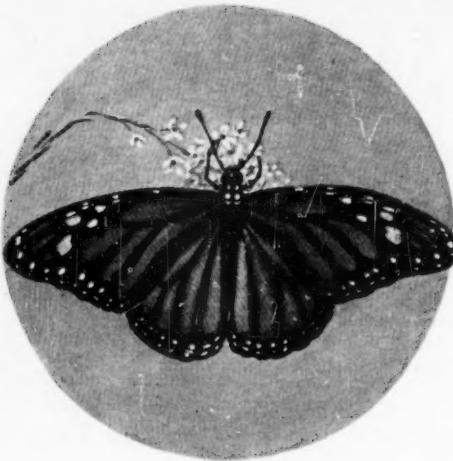
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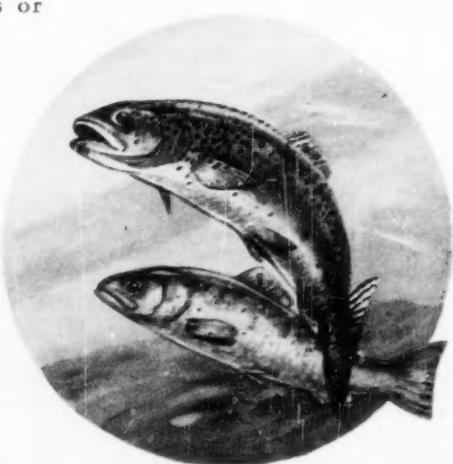
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Is a 15 mph Speed Limit The Answer to a Problem?

I have just read that well-written article by Fred Bodsworth in the Oct. 15 issue of your splendid magazine, "A License to Murder." I think all sensible auto drivers, and all sensible pedestrians, will most heartily endorse all that Bodsworth has written. I can give you my word I DO.—W. Player, Ottawa.

• I would like to protest the misleading and inaccurate way in which this important problem was handled.

If for a six-month period speed limits of 35 mph in the country and 15 mph in urban centres were adopted with NO change in the method of licensing, I wager 40 Canadians would not be killed each week.—C. E. Baldwin, Ottawa.

• I would gather this chap has never heard of drunken driving. He would have it that a driver with his pockets full of credentials and blue ribbons indicating his outstanding driving ability but his belly full of beer is a model driver and a credit to our highways.—Harry Martin, Vancouver, B.C.

Reader Martin, and others who criticized Fred Bodsworth for suggesting anything else but liquor is responsible for highway deaths should read, "Why Our Laws Can't Nail Drunk Drivers," by Fred Bodsworth, Maclean's March 15, 1950.

Doh-Si-Doh-Ray-Me

In your Oct. 1 issue I read with a great deal of interest the article by McKenzie Porter, discussing the revival of the square dances. I would like to fill in a missing portion.

Victoria may be well known across Canada as a tourist attraction and



famous for its hanging flower baskets but it also has one of the world's finest Western groups. You mentioned the Vancouver groups but did not mention Fred Usher and his Hometowners who went to the Pacific National Exhibition and won themselves the title of British Columbia Square Dance Orchestra Champions. The boys picked themselves up \$1,200 prize money, so I suppose this is some salve to the slight.

One day the CBC may get wind of this group and you in the rest of Canada may get an opportunity to hear them.—J. S. Crawford, Victoria, B.C.

Department Store Courtesy

The one thing that sticks out in the story of the woman engaged in "or-

ganizing" Eaton's (Oct. 1) is the courteous treatment given her by Eaton's. It is speculated what kind of reception would be given a "capitalistic" scout engaged in investigating unions or converting their members.—H. W. Curtis, Vancouver.

A Guide for Junior

I thoroughly enjoyed the article by J. H. Stafford as told to Thomas Walsh ("What It Feels Like To Be a Millionaire," Sept. 15). There is a man



who has lost none of his finer instincts by becoming a millionaire. I insisted on my 13-year-old son reading the article as it exudes the character of the man. Good luck to him.—Mrs. G. Collis, Guelph, Ont.

Courage, He Commands

I read with interest your article in the Oct 1 issue, "Who Should Handle the Family's Money?" May I say that I think you have handled the subject in a masterly way and reached a courageous conclusion.—R. W. Harris, Director of Public Relations, Household Finance Corp., Toronto.

Conscription Now—or Never?

Reading your leading editorial (Oct. 15) on the advisability of conscription in Canada, I have been wondering whether you have read Liddell Hart's new book, "Defence in the West." He seems to be strongly convinced that conscription in England in peacetime is a serious error.—G. Wilson Geddes, London, Ont.

• The editorial closes with the words, "Parliament has no more urgent duty than to decide about conscription now"—But surely you must know the reason why the present Parliament is evading that duty? St. Laurent dare not put a conscription law on the statute books of this Dominion . . . Quebec and the Roman Catholic church would not tolerate a conscription law for one moment.—W. H. Day, Victoria.

• I lost a brother in the first great war and had a lot of my people in this last great war. I cannot see for the life of me why we should send our young men and women to some foreign country to fight. The time for our country to fight and have conscription is when some country is going to fight us on our own soil.—Manson Hicks, Sundridge, Ont.

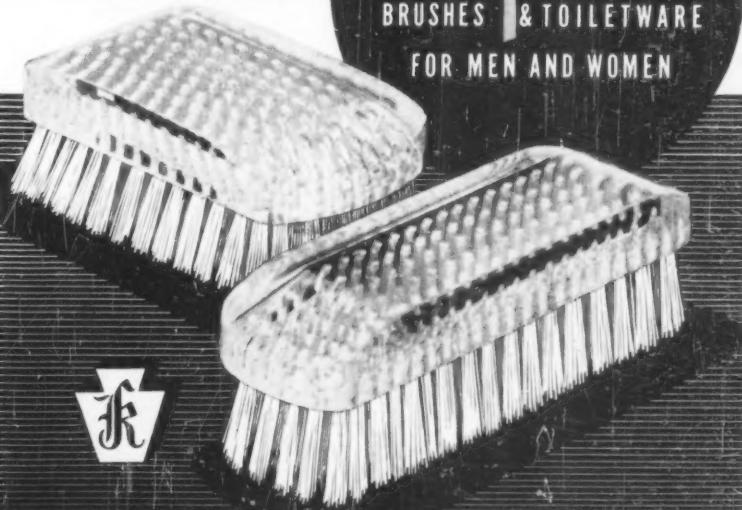


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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

SASKATOON'S Victoria Public School broke out in such a rash of yo-yos recently that the principal was driven to banishing them entirely. The spinners obediently stopped spinning—all but one dreamy six-year-old who sauntered right past the principal's office yo-yoing like sixty. Of course the principal happened to step out just

which had never had even a visiting dentist before.

At one village a woman brought him a plate which she said didn't fit and after a minute's investigation he exclaimed, "I don't see how it ever could have fitted you!"

"It didn't," she replied unhappily. "These teeth belonged to my husband's first wife."



at the right moment and simultaneously the well-worn string snapped and the red and black spinner rolled to a stop at the great man's feet.

Picking it up he ordered the young fellow to hand over the string, too, and, "See me in my office at 3.30."

The first grader came knocking at the door when classes ended and on again confronting the principal greeted him with a polite, "Hello. Did you get my yo-yo fixed?"

A long black Packard, sleek and haughty as a thoroughbred tomcat, crouched at an Ottawa curb where it drew much excited Slavic jabbering from three brand-new Canadians who paused to study this shining symbol of the North American way of life. Just then a tied-together old heap rattled past, jammed with college characters, one of whom inevitably sang out "Wanna trade?"

The three newcomers stared blankly after the departing jalopy, then one with a better grasp of Canadian than the others suddenly got it and hastily translated. For a moment the three stared at each other incredulously: the young men had supposed that *they*, three stragglers for a foothold in a new and strange land, were the owners of this streamlined wonder.

And as it sank in they smiled, they grinned, they roared, and they swaggered off down the street with a new patronizing and possessive glance for all they surveyed.

There's a new high-speed lecturer on "Wills and Trusts" at Ontario's law school, Osgoode Hall, in Toronto. The other day he gave the scribbling notetakers an unexpected breather when he interrupted his discourse to ask whether the microphone he was using was working properly. From the back of the room came a dry voice, "It seems to be running a bit fast."

The good old or Mark Twain days of frontier journalism are still snapping their galluses in the B. C. interior. The Whitehorse Star (that's in the Yukon, stranger) reprints the story from the Vanderhoof Chronicle (B.C.), and some appreciative soul in North Battleford (that's in Sask.) sent it to us.

Purpose of the story is to explain that an August snowfall in the Vanderhoof area was really no snow at all but a put-up job. "A high-flying cargo plane carrying a shipment of soap flakes ran into strong cross winds, causing the plane to



bounce around until several cartons were flipped out of the plane," runs the breathless exposé.

"These cartons landed on a cloud heavily laden with moisture and broke open. As a result the mixture of soap flakes and moisture whipped by high altitude winds created a strange phenomenon—the descent over a large area of small fragments of soapsuds, which appeared like snow flakes. The blanket of suds reached a depth of 1 to 1½ inches in spots."

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